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THE
FOUR MARTYRS.

BY

A. F. RIO.

Translated from the French,

BY AUTHORITY OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
BURNS AND LAMBERT, 17 PORTMAN STREET,
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TO

The Memory

OF

COUNT AUGUSTE DE LA FERRONNAYS,

WHO DIED AT ROME, JAN. 17, 1842.

E se 'l mondo sapesse 'l cuor ch' egli ebbe,

Assai lo loda, e più lo loderebbe.

DANTE.

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PREFACE.

Two of the biographical notices contained in this volume, those of Ansaldo Cebà and Helena Cornaro, were intended to form a part of the great work I had in contemplation when, twenty years since, I prefixed to my volume on *Christian Art*, the ambitious title, since withdrawn: *On Christian Poetry, in its principles, its subject-matter, and its forms.*

Martyrdom, regarded as the subject of art in general and of poetry in particular, seemed to me a theme both new and fruitful; and as my materials increased, it became the object of my almost exclusive predilection.

I do not pretend that I have exhausted the varieties of martyrdom, but I do think that I have here set forth four types of it, each of which in its own way combines all the conditions of the religious ideal. And in this part of the domain of art the religious and the poetical ideal are one.

I do not mean that I have *idealized* my heroes or my heroines in order to add to the romantic interest of my narrative. That were not only a fault in taste, but a profanation and a sacrilege. The history of Ansaldo Cebà, which

will seem more open to suspicion than the others, is taken from the letters he published just before his death; and the parts of it which relate to Sarah Sulham are drawn from her writings, which are to be seen in the library of S. Mark's, at Venice. The life of Helena Cornaro was written by her confessor, who knew better than any one else the minutest details of her sufferings.

The notices of Philip Howard and Marco Antonio Bragadino were suggested to me by the interest I felt in reading the neglected details of the death of these two martyrs. They have been written quite recently.

The historians of the republic of Venice have spoken of the siege of Famagosta and of the exploits of Bragadino, but they have never assigned its due importance to this marvellous episode of the war terminated by the victory of Lepanto—the last of the Crusades. Fortunately, a patriotic Venetian, a man of taste and a man of feeling—Signor Locatelli—discovered, about ten years ago, a precious manuscript, in which was an exact journal of all the military and religious occurrences which make that defence so memorable and so holy. From that abundant source I have taken the materials which have enabled me to reconstruct that stately figure, unduly lessened to the eyes of posterity by distance of place and lapse of years.

The Four Martyrs.

PHILIP HOWARD;

OR, THE MARTYR OF TRUTH.

*Posuisti nos in contradictionem vicinis nostris, et inimici nostri
subsannaverunt nos.—Ps. lxxix. 7.*

ONE of the most striking facts in the history of the English people is the vigour and energy with which they strove to repel the religious changes of the sixteenth century. It is a fact to which justice has never been done; a careful study of the records of the time shows us that it required a long course of craft and oppression to overcome the repugnance of the English to the blessings of innovation. Should this fact appear incompatible with certain qualities which form the strength of the national character, we

can only say that there was a time when these noble qualities were tarnished and debased by the ascendancy permitted to men who were at once depraved and covetous. We may, indeed, apply to the scandalous reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, the words which Demosthenes used, in a fit of patriotic indignation, in regard of a king who in like manner speculated upon the corruption of his age: "Other kings have enjoyed signal prosperity; but his felicity is in this singular—that, needing abandoned and perverse men as the instruments of his designs, he found men whose infamy surpassed both his need and his expectation."

A full picture of the iniquities committed in England at that unhappy period has yet to be drawn, but there is one void which it is still more important to fill up. It would be of great service to enter into a detail of the various protests which were made against the schism during the sixteenth and following centuries; above all is it our duty to draw forth from unmerited oblivion the memory of those who protested unto martyrdom.

Amongst these, there is no one more worthy of the reverent homage of Catholics than

Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower of London, in 1595. The closing scenes of his life are scarcely less thrilling than the prodigies which have marked the pilgrimage of the greatest saints on this earth.

His birth seemed, at first, to have doomed him to share and to defend those errors which had severed his country from the centre of Christendom. For three generations his illustrious family had bequeathed him recollections which were rather tragic than glorious; it was not, certainly, from the traditions of his house that he derived the energy of a confessor of the faith. His grandfather, the earl of Surrey, who had perished on the scaffold because he had given umbrage to the proud Seymours, was utterly indifferent to the religion of his ancestors, notwithstanding his poetical tastes and his knightly character. His father, Thomas duke of Norfolk, had been formed under the influence of his aunt, the duchess of Richmond—a lady not less imperious than frivolous, who numbered amongst her most select friends, an apostate monk called Bale, one of the most unblushing chroniclers of Protestantism, and his worthy rival Fox, the

notorious author of the "Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs."

Such were the influences under which this duke of Norfolk was educated. He had almost married Mary Stuart, and might have played a noble part under Elizabeth; but instead of rescuing a captive queen and taking vengeance on her oppressor, he was led, like his father, to the scaffold, with the melancholy consolation of being attended in his last moments by this same Fox, who had taught him to hate and to scorn the ancient faith of his country.

Philip Howard, his son, was then fifteen years of age. He was now an orphan; for his mother, Lady Mary Fitz-Alan,* had died in giving him birth. She was but seventeen at the time of her death, and was admired and beloved for her many noble qualities.

His godfather, Philip II. of Spain, had never made his appearance in England since he presented him at the font; and even if he

* Lady Mary Fitz-Alan was daughter and heiress of Henry Fitz-Alan, earl of Arundel; a title which passed thenceforward into the house of Howard, and has been, in our own time, so worthily borne by one who now inherits the dukedom of Norfolk.

had thought seriously of the duties of this spiritual paternity, many difficulties stood in the way of his discharging them. But Providence watched over the noble child, and shielded him from the perils of his elevated position — perils which were so much the greater, that his father had allowed himself to listen to the preachers of the new religion, in order to elude the suspicions and denunciations of the court inquisitors. Happily he did not consult them about the education of his son, but followed the impulse of his conscience and of his heart. He chose at Oxford a man whose learning and modesty were well known, and who cherished in the depth of his heart a filial veneration for the proscribed faith, even while he submitted outwardly to the practices of the Anglican establishment.* The tutor and the pupil soon became so disgusted with the atmosphere of fanaticism and of falsehood they were condemned to breathe, that the former became a Catholic and took orders on the continent; while the latter, sobered and saddened before his time by misfortune, by constraint, by study,

* The name of this ecclesiastic was Gregory Martin. He was of St. John's College, Oxford.

and by the controversies which raged around him, laid up in his young heart the precious seed which prosperity threatened to crush, but which was, at a later period, quickened by adversity into vigorous and fruitful life.

His mournful marriage, at the age of fourteen, when his father was a prisoner in the Tower and without hope of escape, deepened the serious impressions of his boyhood; but these were weakened to some extent by the evil examples and seductive flatteries of his tutors and friends during his sojourn at Cambridge. But all these dangers were slight in comparison of those which awaited him at the court of Elizabeth, at which he appeared for the first time when he was eighteen years old, about three years after the execution of his father.

The presence of the son amongst the courtiers and judges who had provoked and pronounced that iniquitous sentence, and before the queen who had interposed her absolute power during the trial, was not judged as harshly in those days as it would be in our own. It was then a received maxim amongst the nobility, that it was expedient to kiss the hand which had

smitten and might smite yet again, and to conciliate protectors against the gloomy caprice of a power to which right and equity were but words. But such a position was full of perils to those who were obliged to occupy it. Their safety obliged them to divest themselves of the principles and feelings which an education more or less Christian had implanted in their hearts, and to partake, to some extent at least, in the iniquities of a court which had no parallel but in the times of paganism. If we search the history of Europe at that time for those who practised the lessons of Machiavelli with most audacity and success, for those who trampled beneath their feet all morality and justice with the greatest insolence, we shall be compelled to admit that the government of Elizabeth was pre-eminent in craft and in cruelty. Where shall we look for abilities so vast combined with immorality so revolting? Where shall we find success so worshipped, in utter disregard of the lawfulness of its means and of its end? What traditions for the generations that were to come after! And what a school for the noble youth of England!

But there was a danger more imminent than

these, a danger arising out of a kind of corruption, in regard of which historians, both civil and ecclesiastical, have expressed themselves with a prudent and very natural reserve. Fortunately their silence is compensated by the disclosures of numerous documents, which combine to throw a terrible light on this part of the picture, so studiously kept in the shade.* It is but one illustration the more of the old proverb, that cruelty and lust are usually conjoined. It is difficult to find words to characterize that court, which was oriental in its disorders as well as in its despotism, and disdained even to dissimulate its corruption. If we may take the testimony of a contemporary, the most impure of the gods of paganism presided over the orgies of that virgin queen,† whose modesty was aghast at the notion of admitting into her presence a sinner like Mary Stuart. She employed a conventional style in her official speeches and documents, a style as obscure and involved as that of a sibyl; but

* The despatches preserved in the archives of Simancas, and consulted by Dr. Lingard, have added much to our knowledge of these times.

† "Where there was no love but that of the lusty god of gallantry, Asmodeus."—HARRINGTON.

she reserved a style altogether different for her private life and her more intimate friendships. After the constraint and the weariness of playing her part in public, she appeased the most urgent cravings of her heart with friends worthy to understand and to console her. Thanks to the indiscretion of some of her contemporaries, we are at no loss to understand the character of that private intercourse and consolation.* We know, too, the qualities which were required in those who were admitted to the rank and functions of the queen's friends and comforters. A law student called Hatton became a favourite, a captain in the queen's guard, and, at length, chancellor of England, because he had so charmed his royal mistress by the grace with which he had danced a gaillard in her presence; and this graceful dancer became thus the arbiter of life and death to a great number of Catholics cited before his court. Sir Walter Raleigh acquired favour by more impetuous means; and before him the Lord Admiral Seymour had succeeded by a frank familiarity which never displeased

* See in Dr. Lingard's history the disclosures of Lady Shrewsbury and of Faunt, the secretary of Walsingham.

Elizabeth, even in her more advanced years. But the most firmly rooted favourite was he who surpassed all his rivals and all his contemporaries both in impudence and in baseness—I mean that earl of Leicester who exerted so fatal and so durable an influence on public morals in England. He shrank from no crime in the indulgence of his dominant passions, ambition, covetousness, and sensuality. Woe betide the man who stood in his way when he was urged onwards by any one of these passions. The law of attainder was a weapon as deadly and far more safe than the dagger or the poison. And this is the personage whose livery was worn by a crowd of gentlemen who wished to make their court to Elizabeth, and who, during so many years, made his advantage out of the weaknesses of the virgin queen. The patience with which a nation, naturally proud and decent in its morals, endured this protracted scandal, is one of the most inexplicable enigmas of its history; above all, when we think of the clause which Elizabeth wished to insert in the Act of Succession. Endurance is, certainly, a noble virtue, and especially when exercised by subjects towards their monarch. But there

are laws the transgression of which ought to have rendered impossible the eulogy of historians, poets, moralists, and even of preachers;* and it is not easy to understand how the people of London can have refrained from breaking the cenotaph on which they read that Elizabeth had been the first of virgins on earth, and was now the second in heaven.

This was the trial to which Philip Howard was exposed at an age when it was but natural that he should be rather dazzled by the splendour of the court, than shocked by its vices. And as he bowed reverently to the favourite, who had consigned his father to the block, and kissed the royal hand which had signed his death-warrant, the courtiers were edified as well as delighted to see that he was superior to the petty susceptibilities of filial piety.

He had other titles to the regard and even to the predilection of the virgin queen. His youth and simplicity promised an easy conquest, and this promise was confirmed by his

* At the coronation of Queen Victoria, the Archbishop of Canterbury commended to her, as her model, the glorious Elizabeth.

manifest disinclination for his wife from the moment he was introduced at court. This was one of the first conditions of success with Elizabeth. Every passion of which she was not herself the object, was an insult to the omnipotence of her charms. When she discovered the love of Sir Walter Raleigh for Elizabeth Throckmorton, she flew into so violent a passion that she sent the traitor to the Tower; and the scene was still more terrific in its violence when she suspected Lady Sheffield and Lady Frances Howard of a share in the heart of Leicester. This exigence of passion increased as she grew older, and did not even respect the bond of marriage. The slightest expression of conjugal tenderness in her presence made her eyes flash fire, and drew forth withering curses from her lips. Philip Howard had nothing to apprehend on this score, for the bond which united him to the unfortunate Anne Dacre, of whom he was then altogether unworthy, sat so loosely on him that he had not only renounced all intercourse with her, but openly expressed doubts as to the validity of their marriage. An almost contemporary biographer says plainly that he

did all this to satisfy the queen, and that he dreaded her disfavour the more, that a fortune-teller had predicted that he would be overthrown and ruined by a woman. His indifference soon extended to other members of his family; and, like the sailor who saw nothing but the sky and the ocean, he soon reached that point in his career at which everything had ceased to exist for him, except the court and its pleasures. He sank from disorder to disorder, until he fell into an abyss far deeper than that from which grace had rescued St. Augustine, and he no longer regarded the laws of God or of man. One only virtue remained; it was a purely natural virtue, indeed, but it was rare in that corrupt and greedy court—he was liberal and generous. Soon he became extravagant and profuse, for he was eager to figure nobly in the court tournaments and other shows, and unwilling to be eclipsed by his rivals. He incurred enormous expense in the entertainment which he gave the queen at his castle of Framingham; and thus he sacrificed his purity, his domestic happiness, his worldly fortune, and his soul, to his favour at court.

In 1580 his maternal uncle died, and he

succeeded to the title of earl of Arundel. We may trace to this time the first awakening of his soul to the impressions of his boyhood. He did not, indeed, break openly with the court, but he returned to his wife, whose piety and affection had been but strengthened by trial ; and this restoration of affection gave him the courage he wanted. We know not whether it was an internal light, or the growling of storm from without, that produced this unexpected change in him. That same year, Gregory XIII. had declared in favour of the insurgent Catholics of Ireland, and had granted the privileges of a crusade to all who should take up arms in their favour. This measure was the signal for a persecution, which could not but disgust a noble heart. It was the inauguration of the reign of terror in England. There are persons to whom truth becomes more attractive in proportion as it is vilified and persecuted ; and never was the Catholic truth more largely endowed with this kind of charm than when Philip Howard first beheld it.

Missionaries came in quest of martyrdom, with as much zeal and gladness as the English pirates showed in robbing the subjects of Spain

in the New World. Father Campian, a priest, was shut up in the Tower, and it was hoped that the mental and bodily tortures he had undergone, would have rendered him incapable of disputing with the Protestant theologians who were let loose on him. The audience, which was composed of ministers of state and courtiers, naturally thought that the reasonings of the stronger side were the more convincing; but there was one on whom this scene produced an impression which nothing could efface. It was Philip Howard, to whom Providence gave on that morning a glimpse of the fate that awaited him in that same prison in which he had witnessed the trial and the triumph of the servant of God. The scene was ever present to his soul's eye; it was so grand in itself—it presented so striking a contrast to the people and the things by which he was surrounded. His duties became irksome, his pleasures palled on his taste; an interior voice, which daily became clearer and more importunate, told him that his true place was elsewhere, and that the sacrifice he had made was infinitely greater than the pleasures and enjoyments for which he had made it.

It was precisely this idea of sacrifice, as connected with religion, which hindered him from breaking his chains at once. His mind was already convinced of the truth of Catholicism, but his heart and his whole character were so wasted and weakened by his long sojourn at the court, that he dared not enrol himself in that heroic army which was braving so many torments and gathering so many palms. At length, after a protracted and painful conflict with himself—a conflict the more terrible because he could not confide his griefs to any one,—he was walking one day in the gallery of Arundel Castle, when he stopped abruptly, raised his eyes to heaven, clasped his hands, and took God to witness of his two-fold resolve—to become a member of the Catholic Church, and to live in conformity with its precepts. The first person to whom he intrusted his secret was his brother, Lord William Howard, whom he loved with peculiar tenderness, and whose conversion followed at no long interval.

An immediate rupture with the court was impossible, without exciting the suspicion of far-sighted enemies, who were noting accurately his every step, and had already succeeded in

shaking his credit. On the other hand, the native manliness of his character and the serious cast of his mind, rendered dissimulation altogether impossible. In this dilemma every delay increased his danger. The eyes of Secretary Walsingham and of Leicester, his avowed and deadly enemies, were bent on him as a victim whom they hoped to devour; and the queen, who was then in the fever of her fury against the Catholic religion, listened eagerly to their calumnies and insinuations. In a short time the disgrace of the earl of Arundel had ceased to be a secret; the insults he received became more marked and frequent, and the position of English Catholics became so terrible, that he resolved on doing what many thousands of his fellow-countrymen had done before him, and on seeking in a foreign land a safe shelter from the rage of persecution.

But his preparations could not escape the notice of the spies of Walsingham, and suspicions were excited by a journey which his secretary took, in order to arrange their passage to Flanders. The secretary, who was already suspected of being a Catholic, was examined several times before the queen and her

council, and captious questions, intimidations, even tortures, were employed to extort from him some replies which might compromise his master. They invented a story, imputing to Arundel a secret and treasonable correspondence with Mary Stuart and Cardinal Allen; and Elizabeth was so wrought upon by this imaginary treason of one who had been her personal favourite, that she invited herself to dine with him, and after the banquet, declared him a prisoner in his own house, and assigned to him as his jailer and inquisitor, Lord Hunsdon, who had been a page in his father's family, and was now his implacable enemy. After four months' imprisonment, and many examinations which discovered nothing, his enemies were obliged to postpone the gratification of their malice. The earl went immediately and made his abjuration before Father Edmond,* one of the holiest and most valiant missionaries whom the College of Douai had

* The real name of Father Edmond was William Weston. He spent seventeen years in various prisons of England. The good countess of Arundel contrived to obtain access to him, and offered him a sum of money to facilitate his escape. "I am not here on account of money," answered the Jesuit, "and I will not obtain my freedom by money."

ever sent into England to win the crown of martyrdom.

From that happy day a peace hitherto unknown rested upon the soul of the earl, and he made rapid progress in virtue and piety. Soon he found it impossible to live without a chaplain in his house, so intense was his desire to assist every day at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. He usually served Mass himself, like Sir Thomas More, whose example he eagerly longed to imitate in all things.

The sufferings of the Catholics were now at their height. They were tracked like wild beasts by the spies of the government, and often placed in the painful position of having to choose between apostasy and the death awarded to traitors. There was but one sure way of escaping this hard alternative; and although one attempt had failed, the earl resolved to make a second, and to take every precaution which might assure him of the co-operation of men, as well as of the aid and protection of Heaven. At the same time he wrote to the queen a respectful and manly letter, in which he explained the motives which constrained him to leave England. This letter

was to have been delivered immediately after his flight ; it has been preserved entire, and is so honourable to the character and memory of its writer, that we cannot refrain from inserting some portions of it.

After reminding the queen, in a tone free alike from regret and from bitterness, of the long years he had spent in her service, at the cost of his domestic happiness; after reproaching her respectfully for the harshness of the recent proceedings against him, the satisfaction given to the hatred of his deadly enemies, and the degrading circumstances of his undeserved fall, he informs her of the serious reflection suggested to him by the tragic end of his three immediate ancestors—the first, condemned to death without being allowed to confront his accusers—the second, executed on a pretext altogether frivolous—the third, sacrificed to considerations which he would not permit himself to characterize; and then proceeds thus:—
“And when I had in this sort both fully and thoroughly considered the fortune of those three which were past, I called to minde my owne danger which was present, and that I might as well follow them in their fortune, as

I have succeeded them in their place: for I consider in the greatnesse of mine enemies, power to overthrow mee, in the weakenesse of my selfe, no ability to defend mee. I perceived in my late trouble how narrowly my life was sought, and how easily your majestie was drawne to a suspitious and hard opinion of mine auncestors, and how mine innocency was no sufficient warrant to protect my selfe: I knew my selfe, and besides was charged by your Councell, to bee of that religion which they accounted odious and dangerous to your estate. Lastly, but principally, I weighed in what miserable and doubtful case my soule had remained, if that my life had been taken; for I protest the greatest burden that rested in my conscience at that time was because I had not lived according to the prescript rule of that which I undoubtedly believe, and assuredly doe presume myselfe to be in the truth. Wherefore, being somewhat induced by all these reasons, but chiefly moved by this last argument, I thought that the not performing of my duty towards God, in such sort as I knew would please him best, might be a principall occasion of my late punishment, and therefore resolved, whiles I

had opportunity, to take the course which might be sure to save my soule from the danger of shipwracke, although my body were subject to the perill of misfortune; and ever since the time I followed and pursued this good intent of mine, although I perceived somewhat more danger to mine estate, yet, I humbly thanke God, I have found a great deale more quietnesse in my minde; and in this respect I have just occasion to esteeme my passed troubles as my greatest felicity, for both of them were (though indirectly) the meanes to lead mee to that course which ever bringeth perfect quietnesse, and only procureth eternall happinesse. And being resolved rather to endure any punishment than willingly to decline from the beginning I had began, I did bend myselfe wholly, as neere as I could, to continue in the same, without any act which was repugnant to my faith and profession; and by meanes hereof was compelled to doe many things which might procure perill to myselfe, and be an occasion of mislike to your Majesty. For, the first day of this Parliament, when your Majestie, with all your nobility, was hearing of a sermon in

the cathedrall church of Westminster above in the chancell, I was driven to walke by my selfe, below in one of the iles; and, one day this last Lent, when your Majesty was hearing another sermon in the chappell at Greenwich, I was forced to stay that while above in the Presence Chamber; to be short, when your Majestie went upon Sunday or holy day to your great closet, I was forced either not to waite upon you at all, or else presently to depart as soone as I had brought you to the chappell.

“Wherefore, since I saw that of necessity it must shortly be discovered, and withall remembered what a watchful and jealous eye was carried over all those which were knowne to be recusants, and therewithall calling to minde how all their lodgings were continually searched, and to how great danger they were subject if a Jesuite or a seminary priest were found within their houses, I began to consider that either I could not serve God in such sort as I had professed, or else I must incurre the hazard of greater punishment than I was willing to endure; I stood resolute and unremoveable to continue in the first, though it were with dan-

ger of life, and therefore did apply my minde to devise what meanes I could for avoyding of the last

“And yet I was drawne by such forcible perswasions to be of another opinion for, on the one side, my native country, my friends, my wife and kinsfolke, did invite mee to stay; on the other side, the misfortune of my house, the power of mine adversaries, the remembrance of my former trouble, and the knowledge of my present danger, did hasten me to goe; and in the end I found no middle course, but either I must venture to live in extreame poverty abroad, or to bee sure to remaine in continuall danger at home . . .

“I presumed to write this letter to your Majestie, and in it to declare the true causes and reasons of my departure, both to remove all occasions of doubt and suspition from your Majestie and because my adversaries may take this as a fit opportunity to bewray their malice and to kindle your Majestie’s indignation against mee. I most humbly beseeche your Majestie to aske such as you doe thinke doe hate me most, whether, being of that religion which I doe professee, and standing every

way in the state and condition wherein I did remaine, they would not have taken that course for the safety of their soules, and discharge of their consciences, which I did. And either they must directly tell you that they would have done the same, or plainly acknowledge themselves to be meere Atheists, which, howsoever they be affected in their hearts, I thinke they would bee loath to confesse with their mouthes. . . . Let your Majestie aske them whether, having had their house so fatally and so successively touched, and finding themselves to be of that religion which is accounted dangerous and odious to the present state, which your Majestie doth detest, and of which you are most jealous and doubtfull; whether, not being able to doe any act or duty whereunto their religion did binde them, without the incurring of the danger of felony, they would have departed out of the realme as I have done or no; and either they must say that they would joyfully runne upon their own death headlong, which is repugnant to the law of God, contrary to the law of nature, and, as I think, flatly against their own conscience, or else they must acknowledge that they would have sought the

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same meanes which I have used for escaping those perils.”*

While the earl of Arundel was writing this letter and completing his preparations with the utmost secrecy, the agents of Walsingham were watching his least movements, and kept traitors and spies, not only about his person, but in the various ports from which it was possible for him to sail. Twice he reached the coast of Sussex, and twice their departure was postponed under frivolous pretexts that the wind was unfavourable. At length they sailed, and the captain pretended to strike out into the open sea, when a small sloop of war, commanded by one who was recognized as a monster of vice and crime, and showing no flag, boarded them, and declared them prisoners. The commander offered to let Lord Arundel and his suite pass for one hundred pounds. The earl had but little esteem for the ministers of Elizabeth, but did not even suspect that they would degrade themselves by employing such a miscreant. Thinking him, therefore, to be a pirate, he gave him a note for the money, with his signature attached to it. The com-

* Stow's Annals.

mander then changed his tone, told him he was under orders to convey him to London, and seized all his jewels and money. It is recorded that the calmness of the noble prisoner was not ruffled either by his unforeseen arrest, nor by the rapacity and insolence of his captor, nor by the appearance of the soldiers who took him into their custody on his landing. He bore with heroic resignation the insults heaped upon him, and submitted to be led along as a malefactor.

He was consigned to the Tower, whither so many illustrious victims had preceded him, and Sir Christopher Hatton, the graceful dancer and future Chancellor of England, then in the spring-tide of royal favour, was deputed to interrogate him. The choice was not a bad one. Hatton was not personally hostile to the earl, and it was hoped he would be entrapped by this semblance of kindness and impartiality. It was well known that neither threats nor torture would draw from him anything that might compromise others, and yet it was a great point with the council to know who were the accomplices of his flight, and what were his ulterior objects. The spies who

had been about him, and those who were sent to Paris, had drawn attention to a mysterious correspondence between Dr. Allen and the earl of Arundel, and on this correspondence the examination was opened.

When asked what he would have done had he succeeded in reaching the continent, he answered, "I would have served anywhere, if Dr. Allen thought I could be of use; always provided it were in defence of the Catholic cause." A long letter, in which one of Walsingham's agents had skilfully imitated his writing, was then shown him; and in it he was made to speak the language of a turbulent noble, resolved to invade England with a large force. He was required to explain the contents of this letter. He replied, that if they had resolved on his death, he prayed God to have mercy on his soul; but that the imposture was too gross and clumsy to be worth the trouble of a refutation.

This first triumph of innocence over craft was of short duration. He was next summoned before the Star Chamber, where it was more easy to punish him for his abjuration of the established religion, for his attempted

flight, and for the mortifying superiority he had displayed over his examiners. There was a judge who had been famous during the reign of Henry VIII. ; his name was Lord Audley, and he was, as the French ambassador, Marillac, truly said, *a notorious seller of justice*. He had left a crowd of successful imitators during the following reigns, and they infested all the law courts, the Star Chamber as well as the others. We must not forget that, in his farewell letter to Elizabeth, Lord Arundel had, by implication, accused her courtiers of atheism, and had adopted towards the haughty and vindictive queen a language which she could never forget or forgive. All these wrongs were to be avenged and all these enmities gratified.

The heads of accusation were three, and on each of them the prisoner admitted his guilt. He admitted that he had attempted to leave the realm without the queen's permission ; that he had been in correspondence with Dr. Allen ; and that he had been reconciled to the Catholic Church. He made these avowals with a manly dignity, and a joy he did not attempt to conceal ; but though his hearers

were touched by his firmness and evident innocence, the court condemned him to pay an enormous fine (£10,000), and to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure. †

But this was not enough to appease the queen's thirst of vengeance, and her instruments were supple to her will. The same minute and barbarous *surveillance* which was employed in regard of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, was exercised towards the earl, by agents as servile and as unpitying as the jailers of the Queen of Scots. The lieutenant of the Tower had the twofold satisfaction of gratifying the malice of his royal mistress, and of humiliating the representative of the noblest family of the realm. He aggravated these humiliations by vexations at once petty and ingenious. The earl was denied the solace of being alone. A spiteful eye was ever fixed on him. Nor was this odious *surveillance* relaxed until it became dangerous as well as disgusting; for the cell in which the earl was confined was so damp, so close, so impervious to every ray of the sun and every breath of air, that it even became intolerable to his jailers, and they were glad to escape as soon as they could.

Two faithful servants had obtained permission to share his imprisonment, on condition that they should submit to the prison discipline and should not regain their liberty without the queen's special permission. But the unhealthiness of the cell, and the sickness it occasioned them, made it necessary to remove them, and replace them by others. The noble prisoner himself, who was not thirty years of age, was the prey of those sufferings and infirmities which are, ordinarily, the accompaniments of extreme age; but his bodily sufferings were trivial in comparison with those which awaited his patience and charity.

It was part of the abominable scheme of his enemies to place spies around him, who, themselves unseen, could register his every gesture and sigh, could note down his slightest word, and infuse into it enough of malice to make it matter of denunciation. His silence was a crime; for whenever the earl was asked what he would do if the Pope were to excommunicate the queen, he refused to answer the perfidious question. Reports were regularly sent to the council by these worthy instruments of justice, and generally contained

enough to make them more implacable than before, and to draw down increased vexations upon the helpless prisoner.

Would that they had confined their torture to the body of this valiant confessor of the faith, and that they had left his soul in peace! Neither privations nor sufferings, neither the prospect of a speedy and ignominious death, nor the prohibition of intercourse with all he loved on earth, had troubled his exquisite serenity. But his persecutors had not exhausted the resources of their malice. At their instigation, the relatives of the earl, and amongst them his own brother, Lord Thomas Howard, claimed a portion of his property, under plea of its having been forfeited by his crimes; and then they shared the spoil with the courtiers who had thus suborned and perverted justice. This stroke of ingratitude had deeply wounded the heart of the sufferer; but they devised another more deadly still. They suborned false witnesses to swear that the earl of Arundel had spoken contemptuously of the Catholic religion, and that his conversion was only simulated to conceal some political scheme. When he heard this, he answered with his

wonted gentleness and sweetness: "God alone knoweth the secrets of hearts; but it is surely a strange policy which has led me to sacrifice my liberty, it may be my life, and procured for me the kind of existence I drag on in this dungeon."

There was yet another resource—that of calumny; and in employing it we must admit that Walsingham surpassed himself. The wife of one of his discarded spies had obtained some trifling employment in the Tower, and she was bribed to charge the earl with being the father of her newly-born child. The charge was carefully repeated to the countess of Arundel, with the hope that it might wound and alienate her noble heart; but it was received with a contempt which precluded indignation. The calumniators then accused the earl of habitual drunkenness; but this attempt was as unsuccessful as the former.

Three years wore slowly away in this solitary endurance of the brutality of the lieutenant, of the snares laid for him by his keepers and by the spies of the council, of continuous suffering of body and sorrow of heart, of calumnies which were like the heads of the fabled Hydra. And

this bitter trial had fortified his manly soul, not with the vain stoicism of the ancients, but with the far more availing armour of Christian resignation. So eager was his longing for perfection, that he devoted almost all his time to meditation and prayer, and other things were but the unregarded accessories of his life.

Early in the morning he knelt on the damp floor of his prison, and prayed for hours, with his hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, until at times his bodily strength was quite exhausted by the length and fervour of his devotion. His knees had become thick and almost horny from continuous kneeling on the stones ; but he regarded not the waste and decay of his bodily frame, nor could the remonstrances of his physician or the entreaties of his servants induce him to mitigate the severity of the rigorous and ever-increasing penances with which he chastened his senses for the mastery they had for a time exercised over his soul. He fasted regularly thrice a week, besides the eves of the greater festivals, such as those of the Blessed Virgin, towards whom he had a singular devotion. His intellectual activity had been formerly expended on studies be-

fitting the brilliant station he had occupied in the world; now it found its rest and its solace in the Holy Scriptures and in the writings of the fathers. He stored up in his heart for his own use the beautiful and solid instruction contained in the letters of St. Jerome; he read with a glow of sympathetic triumph the glories of early Christianity; and he found in the spiritual writings of Louis of Granada a hidden manna congenial to his soul's taste. Sometimes his various reading and the inspirations received in prayer, constrained his heart to overflow, and his hand to write his teeming thoughts and fancies. He ruthlessly destroyed these writings when the fervour of composition had declined. One alone has survived the impetuous assault of his humility. It is not written on paper; it will be sought for in vain in libraries. It has all the marks of the grand monumental style, and it cannot be read without deep emotion. It may be seen in the Tower of London, in the old dungeon sanctified by the presence and the sufferings of many martyrs. We may say of it that though men hold their peace, the stones of the wall bear testimony to his virtue. It is a something

which makes that gloomy cell like the catacombs. In 1587, immediately before the great and terrible trial for which he needed all his strength, Lord Arundel engraved two inscriptions on his prison wall. The first is dated May 28, and seems to be a word of consolation which he wished to have continually present to his eye as well as to his heart.

*Sicut peccati causâ vinciri opprobrium est, ita e contra,
pro Christo custodiæ vincula sustinere, maxima gloria est.*

ARUNDEL, May 28, 1587.*

The second is engraved above his fireplace, and is not only a word of consolation in his captivity, but a yearning aspiration towards the crown promised to those who suffer for the sake of justice; as though he wished to keep his heart ever fixed upon that glorious anticipation.

*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus
gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.*

22 June, 1587.†

Gloria et honore coronasti eum, Domine.

In memoria eterna erit justus.

* As it is a disgrace to be in bonds for sin, so, on the contrary, it is the highest glory to be bound and imprisoned for Christ's sake.

† The greater the affliction we endure for Christ in this

The death of Mary Stuart, in 1587, and the cessation of the plots and conspiracies of which pity for her misfortunes had been the motive, softened to some extent the rigours of the captivity of the state prisoners; and the earl of Arundel had especial reason to rejoice at the unexpected change in his treatment. He was still deprived, indeed, of the comfort of seeing his wife and his child, but he was permitted to mix with some of his companions in tribulation. Amongst them he found an aged priest, who occupied a cell close to his own, and who was guilty of having retracted his brief acquiescence in the state religion. This new

world, the greater the glory with Christ in the world to come.

Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, O Lord.

The just shall be in everlasting remembrance.

There are several other inscriptions of a similar kind, engraved by other occupants of this cell; and some of them speak of torture and of spies, in terms more or less covert. Two brothers, Arthur and Edmund Pole, who were imprisoned in the same tower while still quite young, and who died rather of grief than of disease, have left each a memento. That of Arthur Pole is as follows:—

Deo servire
Pœnitentiam inire
Fato obedire
Regnare est.

A. POLE, 1564.

comforter, whose strength of character was not equal to his piety, was regarded by Lord Arundel as sent to him from God, and as a fresh spring of abundant grace. Thirty guineas, given by Lady Arundel to the daughter of the lieutenant of the Tower, so smoothed all difficulties that they contrived to obtain all that was necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice; and the noble captive heard Mass frequently with an increased fervour and recollection, serving it himself and dwelling on the words of the responses with a deep feeling of their unfathomable meaning. He also communicated as often as his humility would allow him to do so.

But these consolations were doomed to be of brief duration; and a fresh trial, more terrible than any which had preceded it, awaited the earl. Towards the beginning of 1588 the nation was in alarm at the projected Spanish invasion, and there were rumours of an intended massacre of the Catholics, which reached the prisoner even in his dungeon. Believing in the all-mightiness of prayer, when offered in the spirit and with the conditions prescribed by Him who heareth prayer, he

invited his fellow-prisoners to unite with him in prayer, as did Esther in like circumstances, that God would avert from His people the bloody catastrophe which threatened them, or that He would grant to His servants the grace to be well and truly prepared, if His justice required that they should be smitten. These prayers were to be offered at the same moment, during twenty-four consecutive hours, in every house, and every cottage, and every prison in the land, where dwelt a Catholic; and an aged priest, confined for his faith in the Tower of London, was to lead this noble act of religion, the imprudence of which was not even suspected by him who suggested it. But his enemies had not been disarmed by his sufferings, and their spies were vigilant as ever; so that this prayer soon became the matter or the pretext for an accusation of high treason. In order to insure the success of their atrocious plot, they wrought upon the imagination of the old priest by terror and by threats until his feeble will yielded and stooped to bear false witness against the companion of his prison. He accused the earl of having devised and suggested this prayer with a cul-

pable intent against his country, and of disguising, beneath the words of a vague form, his secret desire for the success of the Spanish invasion.

1875 A specious probability was given to this charge by the fact that Philip of Spain was godfather to Philip Howard, and this had great weight in connection with the confession of a principal accomplice. The fatal honour he had received from King Philip was now turned against him, and it was everywhere affirmed that Philip's godson could never sincerely pray for the triumph of a Protestant country when engaged in such a war with a Catholic potentate. The idea of founding a charge of high treason on seditious prayers, offered by a poor prisoner in the solitude of his cell, had never before occurred to any tyrant, whether of ancient or of modern times; it was reserved for the government of Elizabeth to introduce innovations so absurd; and it required a reign of terror like hers, with all its acts of seduction and of intimidation, to make it possible that a priest, the fellow-prisoner and spiritual adviser of the earl of Arundel, should figure in the court of Queen's Bench as his

accuser. Before the trial the prisoner underwent several preliminary examinations, which tended only to contrast more strongly his innocence and gentleness with the craft and brutality of his enemies. The new Chancellor Hatton, who did not share the personal animosity of his colleagues, succeeded in placing the alleged facts in their true light at the first examination ; but the second sitting of the commission was rendered more stormy by the presence of Lord Hunsdon, who was sent expressly by the queen, and whose hatred of the earl was as violent as it was inexplicable. This minister was remarkable for his unbounded insolence, and for the virulence and copiousness of his abuse. He overwhelmed the prisoner with questions and oaths, with threats and insults ; he called him *beast* and *traitor*, and declared that he would hang him with his own hands if the law did not dispose of him within four days. The other commissioners were more moderate, but their instructions were so precise and definite that they could only clothe their iniquity with the forms of law. In addition to the capital charge, they reproduced all the accusations which

were then used to justify the proscription of Catholics, and required the prisoner to answer a multitude of questions, irrelevant to the issue. For instance, he was asked whether he believed in the temporal power of the Pope, whom one of the commissioners styled that *arrant knave*. Lord Arundel saw clearly that no defence would avail him, and therefore preserved a calm and dignified silence. To some of the questions proposed to him he replied briefly, and without giving any sign of emotion; and at the close of these examinations he was led back to his cell without having made any of those concessions which many Catholics regarded as allowable in presence of torture and death.

During the examination there was one memorable moment which shows how perfect was his resignation, and how absolute a mastery he had gained over himself. The wretched priest, William Bennett, who had ministered to him in his prison and had shared his sufferings and his prayers, was led forward. Amidst the profound silence of the court he repeated the false declaration he had made in the Tower—that the prisoner had requested him to say

a Mass of the Holy Ghost for the success of the Spaniards, and to join in the prayers which were to be offered for twenty-four consecutive hours with the same intention. This declaration was confirmed by another witness, Sir Thomas Gerard, who was induced by fear of torture to stoop to perjury and false witness. When this disgraceful declaration had been made, Lord Arundel was asked what he had to say in reply. He declined to refute a charge so obviously extorted from the unhappy witnesses by their fear of torture and death.

The perjured priest was crushed by this solemn and significant silence. He had scarcely reached his cell when his conscience was torn by a remorse far more excruciating than the rack or the gibbet, and he could not rest until he had made a formal retraction of his testimony. He wrote to the earl as follows :—

“ Right honorable and most noble Peare,

“I most humbly, uppon my knees, before God and all his angells, and before all the worlde, if need require, with a most penitent, rent, and afflicted conscience and harte, crave mercy

and forgevenes for the great offence I have committed against your honour, in my late troubles and confessions. So it is, right honorable, that, being called in question aboute certen supposed offences in the Towre, unto which my answer being not to ther contentmentt, a letter of my owne hand, which I did write unto a priest ther in defence of my jurisdiction by him brought in question, was produced ; and, because therein I deryved my authoritye from the apostolike (see), I was accounted and termed amonge them as a dead man, without her majestie's especiall pardon, which was promised upon condition—*pauca sapienti*—with many other faire speeches and alurements, together with many thundering threats of returninge to the Towre, torments, and death itselke, if I fayled ; by which unexpected letter of myne, with threats mixed with fayre promises of life and speedy libertye, together with the great weaknes both of body and mynde by the reason of my long and sore imprisonmentt, I was stroken into such an astonishmentt and maze, that I confessed every-thing that seemed to content ther humors, which I parsaved not, at the first, altogether

to tend to the ruine of your honor; but, being demanded whether you did send a note unto the priests in Coleharber, to pray for the good successe of the Spanishe fleett, I answered, as truth was, that I never knew or was prevey to any such note; yet, with a most giltie, fearfull, unjust, and most tormented conscience, only for saving of my life and liberty, I confessed that you moved me to say a Masse of the Holy Ghost for the good success of the Spanishe fleet. For which unjust confession, or rather accusation, I doe againe and againe, and so to my lyve's end, most instantly crave God's pardon and yours; and for my better satisfaction of this my unjust suggestion, I will, if nede require, offre upp both life and lymse in averring my accusation (to be), as it is indeed, and as I shall answer before Almightye God, before the face of angells and men, most unjust, and done onely of feare of the Towre, torments, and death. Thus not douting of your honour's gracious pardon and forgevenes, I will rest my poore afflicted conscience in only God's mercy; my body and life I freely offer to the world, to dispose as it shall please God.

“The Holy Trinity preserve your honor from perrell of soule and body. Amen.

“Your ho. poor beadsman,

“WILL. BENET, Prieste.”

This letter excited no vain hopes in Lord Arundel's heart. He had ceased to desire the prolongation of his life and its keen anguish. It was in vain that this letter was read before the judges, and confirmed by the presence and averment of Bennet; it was in vain that the replies of the earl became more and more decisively triumphant over the craft of the commissioners, and produced in all who were present a full conviction of his innocence. The tribunal was true to its mission and abandoned the prisoner to the vengeance of the queen. A ray of heavenly joy lighted up the pale features of their victim when he heard the sentence which condemned him to die the death of a traitor. When hopes were expressed that he might be pardoned if he would renounce the Catholic faith, he answered with an unfaltering voice: “On such conditions I cannot accept her majesty's offers; and if that be the cause in which

I am to perish, sorry am I that I have but one life to lose."

This last trial took place at night, and while his family were watching and praying at Arundel Castle a nightingale was heard filling the air with its sweet and plaintive chant. It had never been heard before; it disappeared at break of day and was never heard again.*

The joy which filled the earl's heart in the solitude of his dungeon was disturbed by a fresh cause of uneasiness. Under this reign it was not enough to torture the body; means were sought to torture also the soul, the heart, the imagination of those who were condemned to death. The government had sufficient respect for the people to dread the effect upon them of a solemn act of faith sealed with a bloody and unresisting sacrifice of life, and every precaution was taken to impose silence upon its victims at the time of their execution. All the arts of calumny were resorted to in order to excite the fury of the populace against them, and they had thus a foretaste of the wrong and the stain that would be associated with their memories after

* MS. life.

death. It was not enough to impute treason to them; they were declared to have apostatised at the last moment, and retractations were forged and circulated in their name. The thought of this disturbed the calmness with which the earl wished to prepare for death. As he knew that he would not be permitted to address the spectators of his execution he drew up a short paper, in which he declared that he was innocent before God and man; that he was doomed to death for his faith alone; and that the treason imputed to him was only a specious pretext devised by his enemies. He made several copies of this declaration, intending to throw them amongst the crowd, which generally sympathised rather with the victim than with the executioner. Is not this an added proof that, in all times of social decomposition, the infection of evil is propagated from the higher classes, and is slow in reaching the great mass of the people?

But all these precautions were rendered useless. A mere capital execution was a cruelty not sufficiently refined for the enemies of the earl. Instead of shedding his innocent blood with one blow, they determined to wring it from him slowly, drop by drop. They would let his

life waste away in disease, in loneliness, in despondency. They would continue to wound him in his deepest affections, as a husband and as a father. And, as they imagined that the cup of death was bitter to him as to the herd of ordinary men, they kept the axe hanging continually over his head. Death was to be the one fixed thought of his days and the terror of his sleepless nights. He was not to know when he might be summoned to perfect his sacrifice. No consolation of religion or of friendship was to reach him in his guarded cell. He was to be made to feel himself friendless, hopeless and forlorn, for the remainder of his wretched life.

Feeling that he was severed from all that was dear to him, and that there was no longer ground of hope on earth, he devoted himself with all his soul to prayer and to daily conferences with some of his companions in captivity, who were priests. Amongst these heroic veterans in the good fight was Father Southwell, whom the earl always addressed as *blessed father*, and who was one of the holiest and most steadfast champions of the Catholic faith during the Anglican reign of terror. He had been shut up, at first, in a filthy and dark hole which could scarcely be

called a cell. After the lapse of a month he was taken out to be examined, and he was found so wasted that his keepers could scarcely recognise him. He was covered with vermin, and so wretched was his appearance, that his father ventured to write to the queen a brief and haughty letter, in which he demanded that his son should be fairly tried, and executed if guilty of treason; but insisted that, until he was found guilty, he should receive the treatment of a gentleman. In consequence of this remonstrance the prisoner was removed to a cell adjoining that of Lord Arundel; and the earl regarded this proximity as the visit of an angel, not to rescue him from his prison—his sacrifice was without reserve—but to uphold him in moments of weakness, and to soothe him when his heart craved in vain those to whom its early affections had been given.

This alleviation of his sufferings was obtained by a bribe administered to his keeper; but the consolation was too sweet to last. Soon all communication between them, whether by word or by letter, was forbidden; but the earl's dog continued to visit the door of the cell from which his master had been wont to return

radiant and peaceful, and the earl would welcome his return with sad emotion. The keeper was irritated by the respectful terms which the earl always applied to Father Southwell; he was angry with the dog, whose visits he regarded as a kind of constructive treason; and when the earl told him that he loved the dog the more for his love of Father Southwell, he would vent his rage in oaths and insults. Once he asked the earl whether the dog did not go to receive the priest's blessing, in order to bring it back to him. "That might well be," said Lord Arundel, calmly; "it would not be the first time that such relations have existed between the saints and irrational animals. Saint Jerome tell us that the lions who dug the grave of S. Paul the hermit stood still, when their task was done, with their eyes fixed on S. Antony, waiting until he raised his hand to bless them."

The earl was now deprived both of Father Southwell, who was removed to another cell, and of Father Edmund, who had received his abjuration. He found means to keep up an occasional correspondence with the former, and the precious fragments of his letters which

remain show that he had but one great object now—the effacing by penance the stains which might incapacitate him for the crown of martyrdom for which he yearned.

We are told by Tacitus that the thirst of glory is the last passion of which great men divest themselves. The great and noble earl whose trials I am relating had had his dreams, too, of glory as the crown and summit of all earthly blessedness; and a man so rich in gifts of birth and fortune might certainly have soared aloft with no feeble wing. He had a brilliant intellect and a noble, tender heart; his eloquence was of no common order, although he did not exert it in a parliament which was but the servile echo of the royal voice. On one occasion we are told he delivered at Chichester an imprudent but magnificent speech; and so prodigious was his memory that, on his return to London, he dictated it word for word.

These memories of the past were now to him but occasions of remorse and grief. That living light of which Bossuet speaks had shone in upon him, and he loathed himself for having been dazzled by the vain glories of the world. His voluntary penances had never ceased since

his abjuration. He had laid aside every trace of aristocratic distinction, every appliance of luxury. In his prison his abnegation went further still; he was no otherwise distinguishable from the lowest of his servants than by the native dignity of his bearing, and the blended sweetness and majesty of his habitual expression. He had so long delighted in expiating thus his former sins that he at length longed for humiliations as eagerly as others long for approbation and esteem; he had learned to bless the fatherly hand which smote him only for healing, and he regarded his persecutors and keepers as merely the involuntary instruments of the mercy of God. Thence he derived a patience unwearied by the foulest imputations or the extremest privations; a patience so great that it extorted from one of his keepers an avowal that the earl had never breathed one murmur, never one word of bitterness against those whose unrelenting hatred had heaped such sorrow and suffering on his innocent head.

But, besides this internal charity, he sought every means to practise, even in his dungeon, and notwithstanding the extreme poverty to

which he was reduced, that active charity for which he had always been noted. It was with him an instinct before it was a grace. Before his conversion he was ever active in relieving the necessities of all around him. His beneficence made itself felt far beyond the precincts of his own domain, nor could the intoxicating honours of the court avail to make him forget the poor who were supported by his bounty. Whether present or absent he never stinted the stream of his almsgiving; and doubtless the blessings of the widow, the fatherless, and the outcast, descended like the dews of heaven on his parched and withering soul. His biographer tells us that his way was often obstructed by crowds of beggars; and woe to the servant who dared to express, by word or gesture, contempt for this ragged *cortège*—it was an offence he never forgave. On one occasion, at the Chichester assizes, he astonished every one by the vehemence of his indignation on hearing a gentleman utter some harsh words to an importunate beggar. It was as though he had received the deepest personal affront. Thus, even in the days of his folly, he possessed this strong love of Christ's poor,

a gift both precious and rare, and one of the clearest tokens of predestination.*

All that the noble captive could do now was to give to the poor some part of his allowance as a prisoner of state. His own personal property was beyond his control, nor were his family and friends allowed to mitigate, in any way, the severity of his captivity. The frequency and the increasing rigour of his fasts left him some resources for the exercise of charity. He fasted much, for he deemed his sufferings far too slight a punishment for the aberrations of his past life. The scandals of his youth, and his long forgetfulness of God, afflicted him with deep compunction; but deeper than all else was the memory of his ingratitude towards his wife. His letters to Father Southwell, which bear the motto, *afflictio dat intellectum*,† show that this was a wound ever bleeding afresh. The only thing that

* One day when Donoso Cortes was relating the striking history of his conversion, he was asked whether there had been anything in his former life which could explain or render probable a grace so unusual. "Nothing," said he, "except it be that I always regarded the beggar at my door as my own brother."

† Affliction giveth understanding.

could have reconciled him to life, and stayed him in his way of sorrows, was his desire to atone for his neglect of her.

And now—it was the winter of 1595—sinister rumours, the presage of some fresh storm about to burst upon the Catholics, reached him in his prison. Father Southwell had been subjected ten times to the torture, in hope that he might be induced to avow his complicity in imaginary plots; and when his tormentors, who sat in the queen's council, saw that they could not sentence him as a conspirator, they determined on condemning him as a priest and a missionary. It was a summary process, and Lord Arundel's heart was filled with mournful presentiments. Soon there remained no doubt as to the fate of him whom he had called his blessed father; he heard, with anguish unutterable, the horrible details of this tragedy. The police of the day, dreading some manifestation of popular sympathy, had plunged their victim into a cell in Newgate, and had taken him thence, suddenly and without any notice, to the place of execution. But, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, a large crowd gathered

around, and their indignation prevented the sheriff from imposing silence on him who was already regarded as a martyr. Father Southwell's address was simple and touching, generous and patriotic. He protested his innocence, and prayed for the queen, and for the conversion of England. So deep was the impression he produced, that the people interposed to prevent the executioner from disembowelling him while he yet breathed.*

We may imagine what were Lord Arundel's feelings when these revolting details were communicated to him. And this terrible shock was followed by another of a different kind, which hastened the termination of his sufferings. In August 1595, in the *eleventh* year of his captivity, and the *sixth* since his condemnation to death, he was seized, immediately after dinner, with an illness so sudden and so violent that there remained no doubt as to its cause. The cook had been bribed to mix with his food a dose of poison, not

* The sentence was,—that the criminal be hung, cut down while yet living, disembowelled, and quartered ; or, as it was called, hung, drawn, and quartered.—See Challoner's Missionary Priests.

sufficient to destroy his life, but enough to exhaust his remaining strength, and render his recovery impossible. From that day he looked on his end as near at hand; and he prepared for death with a resignation which would have been more joyous had he not coveted the honour of martyrdom for the faith. "*It is there I had hoped to die,*" he said to his keepers, as he pointed to the spot on Tower Hill where his father's blood, and that of so many illustrious victims of regal oppression, had been poured forth. It was a regret quickened probably by his reading the ancient martyrologies, which had inseparably associated in his mind the idea of triumph with that of punishment.

When the physicians announced to him that the virulence of the disease left no hope of his recovery, a ray of joy flitted across his wan and wasted features. He ventured to hope that compassion for one in his last agony would be stronger than reasons of state, and that he might be permitted to see Father Edmund who had admitted him into that church militant and suffering, in which he had been granted the privilege of enduring

so much. He hoped now at length to be permitted to press to his heart his beloved wife and children, yet once before that heart was stilled in death. He had been told that the queen intended to grant him this last earthly consolation.

He wrote, then, with a tremulous hand, a calm and earnest letter which the lieutenant of the Tower undertook to deliver immediately. On the first point—the admission of his confessor to visit him—the reply was a peremptory refusal. On the second, the queen's generosity went far beyond his request and his hope. She restored him not only to the embraces of his wife and children, but to the full enjoyment of all his property and honours. There was but one single condition annexed to this favour—apostasy !

It was a fearful moment. It was like the sponge filled with vinegar and gall, and proffered in derision to quench the deep thirst of his heart. There remained but one hope, that he might be enabled to send his farewell and his blessing to his family through his brother, Lord William Howard, who was secretly a Catholic. This last request shared

the fate of the former. As the last moment drew near, the voice of nature became louder and more importunate; and he wished to see Lord Thomas Howard, an eager partisan of the new religion, who was far more disposed to blame than to pity any one who died for the old. Notwithstanding this diversity of belief the fraternal tie was too suspicious, and it was decided that the prisoner should die unsolaced and alone.

The crushing of so many hopes would have prostrated a heart less noble than the earl's, but while his courage was unquelled, his bodily strength was broken. He was obliged to discontinue his customary recitation of the breviary; but his devotion became the more fervent the simpler its permitted expression, and he found great consolation in frequently saying his rosary. He could no longer rise from his bed; he lay silent and motionless, except the almost imperceptible movement of his lips in continual prayer. The stillness was broken only by the sound of the beads as they passed through his emaciated fingers. The physicians had taken their departure; their art had no further resources. Two faith-

ful servants alone remained with their dying master, and their protracted confinement in the damp and noisome cell had rendered them almost as pale and as weak. It was a striking and unearthly scene.

The lieutenant of the Tower made his appearance unexpectedly. He had laid aside his habitual insolence and disdain, and his step was gentle and almost timid as he drew near the pallet of his prisoner. When he delivered to the earl the queen's harsh reply, he had been so struck with his superhuman resignation that his soul was filled with pity and remorse. He now threw himself on his knees beside the couch of his victim, and besought him with tears and sobs to pardon his too accurate compliance with the orders he had received. "Master lieutenant," answered the earl, summoning up his little remaining strength, "I forgive you with all my heart, and pray you to forgive any remarks contrary to charity which I may have made on your conduct." He then took his hand, and said affectionately: "You see that the hour of my deliverance is at hand, and that I shall soon be beyond the reach of injury by whomsoever attempted; it is not, therefore, on

my own account that I speak. But when others shall come to occupy the cell I shall soon leave empty, bethink yourself that they are already sufficiently wretched without your aggravating their burden by harshness. We must not trample under our feet those whom fortune has laid low in the dust. The changes of this time are so sudden that the persecutors may soon become, in their turn, the persecuted; and you, who now have charge of others, know not but that these bolts and bars may be drawn upon you. Farewell, master lieutenant; during the few days I have to live, I regard you only as my friend."

It was a moving and solemn scene. The harsh keeper knelt there, his repulsive duties forgotten, kissing and bedewing with his tears the wasted hand he held in his, and too much bowed down by his own remorse to take heed to the prophetic warning with which the prisoner had concluded his address. But the retribution did not tarry. A few weeks passed away, and the lieutenant, Sir Michael Blount, was disgraced, deprived of his office, confined in the same tower, and endured at the hands of his successor the same vexations he had inflicted on the earl.

Lord Arundel had arranged beforehand the appropriate occupations of the last week of his life, and had assigned to each part of the day its special devotion. After having reckoned onwards to Sunday, October 19th, he closed the almanack, gave it to his servant, and said, "So far and no further." It was the day of his death.

His agony was so gentle that he was enabled to continue his prayers, and even to articulate them, to the last moment. He found especial solace in mental prayer assisted by his rosary, and in reciting portions of the Psalter which expressed his own deepest aspirations. His countenance underwent a pleasing change as the moment of his deliverance drew near, and was irradiated with light and peace. His servants took note of this prelude and anticipation of the beatitude that awaited him, and sobbed aloud, while he endeavoured to console them with his dying voice. "After awhile," says his biographer, "he returned to his prayers upon his beads again, though then with a very slow, hollow, and fainting voice, and so continued, as long as he was able to draw so much breath as was sufficient. The

last minute of his last hour being now come, lying on his back, with his eyes firmly fixed towards heaven, and his long, lean, consumed arms out of the bed, his hands upon his breast, laid in cross one upon the other, about twelve o'clock at noon; in a most sweet manner, without any signs of grief, only turning his head a little aside, as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrendered his happy soul into the hands of Almighty God, who to His so great glory had created it."—*MS. Life.*

It might have been expected that the mournful tragedy would end here, and that the royal vengeance would have been at length sated. The body of the earl, wasted to a skeleton, told a melancholy tale of the physical and mental tortures he had endured for so many years. But this was not enough. Lust and hate are closely allied; and this queen, whom it is the national fancy to proclaim chaste and magnanimous, seeing that she could no longer pursue her victim with unsleeping vengeance, began to wreak her spite on his widow. This unfortunate lady was treated without any regard to her rank or her sex, and was at length reduced to such straits that she

was compelled to borrow a bed for herself and her children. But there was yet one last insult to be offered to the remains of the noble confessor of the faith. An absurd and sacrilegious ceremony was performed in the Tower. The minister of the state religion asked the lieutenant whether his prisoner had persisted to the end in the way of error, and, being answered in the affirmative, he poured forth a medley of thanksgiving and of execration; of thanksgiving to God for having delivered His faithful servants from a great terror; of execration against the enemy of God and the queen. Then verses were taken from the song of Deborah, and were concluded with the famous verse which had been before uttered on the scaffold of Mary Stuart: "So let all thy enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love thee shine as the sun shineth in his rising."* The bystanders answered, *Amen*; and this ferocious response found an echo everywhere, not only amongst the lower orders, but from those great bodies which were assumed to represent the more noble instincts of

* The details of this ceremony are given in Tierney's History of Arundel, vol. 2, p. 409.

the nation, and which expressed only its paltry passions and its empty fears.* By dint of terror, despotism had succeeded in repressing every sign and token of contradiction. The voices of the living and the tombs of the dead were made to utter one testimony. Poetry and history have combined to pay their tribute of adulation with a shameful and degrading zeal. Nor is it only poets laureate and paid biographers who have bowed before the idol of popular devotion; Spenser, the noblest poet of the age after Shakespeare, has stained the purity of his "Faery Queene" with episodes, in which he makes himself the apologist of the frailties and crimes of Elizabeth.† Camden—the grave and learned Camden, too, the correspondent and friend of De Thou—has extolled his patron, Lord Burleigh, as a great man, as almost a saint;‡ and after a passing

* It will be remembered that the House of Commons composed a form of prayer, that it would please God to incline the heart of Elizabeth to sign the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots.

† See, for instance, his apology for the murder of Mary Stuart, book v., canto 9. Elizabeth figures under the name of Mercilla, or Mercy.

‡ Annals, lib. iv., cap. 129.

mention of the death of the earl of Arundel in the Tower, he says that he experienced the *mild severity* of the queen, and that "being tied to a most strict course of religion, he pined himself with an austere kind of life."

And this short and contemptuous allusion is the sole record of one of the noblest of the confessors of the faith. Subsequent historians have followed in the same track, and have omitted everything that might perpetuate the memory of this crying injustice ; and thus this gentle and stately figure has been effaced from the memory of men ; and thus those whose prerogative it is to dispense the meed of human glory, have found no wreath for one of the noblest of England's noble sons, the one whose character was most severely tested and most exquisitely purified. Happily, we know that, on a Christian estimate of the course of things, their silence and their eulogy are equally indifferent. We know that it is not often granted to the generation which *soweth in tears*, to *reap in joy* ; but it is, nevertheless, a law of the city of God that the willing martyrdom of the Christian hero bears its fruit sooner

or later, and that his merits and prayers may yet descend, after the lapse of ages, in blessings and in light on those who walk in hereditary and unchosen darkness.

“ Non semper pendebit inter latrones Christus :
Resurget aliquando crucifixa veritas.”



ANSALDO CEBÀ.

OR,

The Martyr of Charity.



ANSALDO CEBÀ,

OR, THE MARTYR OF CHARITY.

Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.—VIRGIL.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century, while Tasso was endeavouring to console Italy for the waning of her intellectual splendour, there lived at Genoa a young poet of noble birth, far inferior to Tasso in genius, indeed, but inferior to none in purity and nobleness of character and aims : his name was Ansaldo Cebà.

His strong thirst for glory would have led him to seek distinction, either in a civil or a military career ; but he deemed that glory little worth which was severed from liberty ; and Genoa was no longer free. The Spanish governors of Naples and Milan had made

themselves, under various pretexts, the arbiters of her political destiny. The Genoese strove to forget this involuntary dependence, in the more eager pursuit of wealth; but many were unable to find consolation in commerce and its gains. Some had inherited the sullen pride as well as the illustrious names of their ancestors, and others were naturally unfitted for commerce.

There remained but one outlet for their superfluous energy—literature; and Ansaldo Cebà betook himself to it with an enthusiasm and a perseverance rarely equalled. An unjust accusation, brought against him on his return from a political mission to Savona, had disgusted him with public life. He renounced it for ever; and, in token of his inexorable determination, he assumed the clerical habit.

It is beyond our scope to pass any judgment upon the many lyric and dramatic pieces which he wrote during his earlier years. They are but futile attempts to catch the tone and style of the classical writers, and bear the impress of that vitiated taste which pervaded the then literature of Italy. At length there came a great crisis in his life. He felt that the great

writers of Greece and Rome were thrown into the shade beside the historians and prophets of Judæa, whom he had begun to study in the original Hebrew.

One incident of that history affected him exceedingly; it was that in which Queen Esther stays the arm already uplifted to exterminate a whole people at a blow. His imagination kindled at the contrast between the grandeur of the end, and the simplicity and inadequacy of the means; and at length he resolved to make it the subject of an epic poem, which was to surpass in variety and interest those romances of chivalry which were then so popular. It is probable that he was encouraged in this resolve by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, who had great influence with him, and at whose request he afterwards published his translation of Theophrastus.

Anseldo's reputation was already so great, that public attention was excited by the announcement of his forthcoming Epic. His friends talked largely of the splendours with which he would array a subject so new and so fruitful, and were sure that the noble qualities of the writer would be reflected in this work.

But noble and rich as were those qualities, they could not resist the infection of the times, nor compensate the absence of a genius for epic poetry. Ansaldo had miscalculated both his own powers and the capabilities of his subject. Besides, the times were gone by in which an epic poem could exercise any great influence over his countrymen. The Esther was received with harsh and bitter criticisms. Undiscouraged by failure, Ansaldo concentrated his powers on a great didactic work on education. It was a curious medley, but its leading idea was the regeneration of man as an individual and as a citizen. It breathes throughout an impassioned love of souls,—a love which first supplanted all human affections in his heart, and then consumed his life in its fervent glow.

While thus occupied, he received a letter from an unknown person. It was written by one who had studied history in an enlarged spirit, who was skilled in composition, whose heart overflowed with genial tenderness. It spoke of his genius in terms of excessive praise, and thanked him for having deemed a Jewish queen no unfitting heroine for an epic poem.

The writer—she was a lady—added, that she was never weary of his poem ; it was her companion by day, and she placed it under her pillow at night. To account for this passionate enthusiasm, we must remember that the writer was a Jewess, and that it was natural she should feel no ordinary gratitude towards one who, at that time, thus remembered and recounted the glories of the chosen people of God. She was called Sarah Sulham, and she lived at Venice.

She had never seen, she was destined never to see, the Genoese poet ; and the relation that sprang up is so singular, that we must say a few words on the position of the Jews under the Venetian rule, and on the position of Sarah Sulham amongst the Jews.

When we pity the Jews, we seem to think only of the spoliations, the tortures, the proscriptions, the vexations of all kinds to which they were doomed in modern times ; we overlook the inner anguish of those who felt the national degradation with all the hopelessness of despair. There were many who remembered Zion and her past glories ; who could keenly appreciate the intellectual and social enjoy-

ments of Christians, and knew that from those joys they were for ever cut off.

And this was more especially the case at Venice. Most of the triumphs of which the republic was so justly proud had been gained over the common enemy of Jew and Christian, who had laid waste not only the Holy City, but the sepulchre of the Redeemer. Hence the mutual animosity of Jews and Christians was much weakened, and sometimes altogether suspended; and the disabilities under which the Jews laboured were less galling at Venice than in any other state of Europe. The island allotted to them was healthy and nobly situated. It caught the freshest breezes of the Adriatic, and afforded the best view of that combination of lake and sea, and hills and palaces, which made the Venice of the middle ages so magnificent. It was the most delightful prison ever assigned to a proscribed race, but it was a prison still. They were restrained to that island, cut off from social relation with Christians, and notwithstanding the frequent truces of which we have spoken, they were regarded by their Christian neighbours as an accursed race,

whom it was a duty and a merit to oppress and to harass from generation to generation.

Their island was once called Spina Lunga, from its shape. Their occupation of it has bequeathed it the name of Giudecca, the Jews' island or quarter. There they lived and carried on their commerce in tolerable peace. They went beyond mere commerce, and cultivated the arts, music especially, with singular success. Indeed, their schools for vocal and instrumental music were so celebrated, that the youth of Venice forgot all political and religious prejudice, and resorted to them in great numbers. It seems from a code of penal laws, dating about A.D. 1443, that this superiority and the closer relations which naturally arose out of it, gave serious umbrage and alarm to the authorities. They not only put in force many obsolete statutes; they shut up the schools and prohibited them from teaching music, or anything else, in the city of Venice, under a penalty of five hundred ducats and six months' imprisonment. Other and strong measures were resorted to in order to prevent the admixture of the hostile races.

As time went on, these unjust laws were allowed to fall into neglect ; and at the close of the sixteenth century, there was not a city in Europe in which their hereditary curse weighed so lightly on the Jews as in Venice. And thus when Sarah Sulham was in the fulness of her repute, her many admirers suffered no molestation. We are told that she was of extraordinary beauty, and endowed with powers of no common order. Her strength of mind and her various learning had emancipated her from many prejudices, and imparted to her an unusual liberty and elasticity of thought. She could feel the beauty of the Catholic offices, and she had the less scruple in assisting at them, because so many of the Venetian churches are dedicated to the Hebrew prophets. She was deeply learned in the history and religion of her people, and her enthusiasm was as great as her knowledge. Still her enthusiasm for a far distant past could not blind her to the present degradation of her people ; and the contrast, too vividly realized, fed her heart with a continual sadness which was not free from some tinge of bitterness. We know nothing of her earlier years, except that she

made extraordinary progress in literature, that she cultivated both poetry and music with brilliant success, and that she exercised a wondrous gift of improvisation both in Hebrew and in Italian. She met with Ansaldo's poem by chance. Its title made her heart beat with exultation; and she read it in a transport of enthusiasm which blinded her to every defect.

Thus began her correspondence with our poet. As he read her letter, his heart was drawn out by a sympathy so unexpected, and then by the hope that he might convert his unknown friend to the Catholic faith. This conversion was the deepest and the last passion of his life; for four years he toiled at it with a zeal which was often disconcerted, but never knew remission. We shall seek in vain such an instance of disinterested perseverance, except in the lives of those who are specially called and consecrated to seek the salvation of souls.

The letters of Sarah Sulham filled him with keenest anguish. He felt that the conversion of her soul required of him not only a perfect charity, but a perfect disinterestedness. At first the future lay before him bright with the

fairest suggestions of hope. He was eager to rescue her soul from error and from death; he was sanguine that her conversion could not long be delayed. She consented to take a decisive step; she read with care and attention that book which is a stumbling block to the Jew—the Gospels of our Lord and Saviour. She carried her docility so far as to abandon the study of judicial astrology for that of S. Louis of Granada, for whose writings her mind was scarcely prepared. But Ansaldo had not yet acquired the tact and the delicacy necessary for the treatment of a mind so powerful and so distempered; a tact possessed only by the experienced physicians of souls. By way of compensation he had acquired a strong ascendancy over her mind, and was animated by a singleness of purpose and an unwearied zeal.

She was eager to possess all his writings, some of which were condemned by his conscience no less than by his taste. He exacted from her a promise never to read any of his earlier poems. He excepted from this proscription only his book on the "Education of the Citizen," and this he rather tolerated than

recommended. He told her that she could not learn what sort of person he now was from his former works; that she could judge of him better by his letters; and that he imposed this prohibition not from lack of affection to her, but because of his fervent desire that they might meet in paradise without any unpleasing associations. He told her that the reason why he felt so great a regard for her was that he knew her soul responded to noble thoughts alone, and that he trusted it would be still further elevated and purified in the flame of Christian charity.

Their correspondence began in the spring of 1618. During the carnival of the following year he sent her some Genoese fruit, and a Spanish book which he hoped would have great influence on her mind; and as he wished much to know more of her, he intrusted his presents to an aged and faithful servant, whom he commissioned to bring him an accurate report. He sent also an ode, containing some verses of great beauty and tenderness. The old servant returned filled with an enthusiasm as great as his master's. He had been quite dazzled by her beauty, her generosity, and the graceful

kindness with which she had received him; and he declared that he had never heard any music so ravishing as that to which she had sung some stanzas of the Esther.

Ansaldo's pleasure at this report was much diminished by the letter she had sent him in reply. She had made no progress in the way of salvation. On the contrary, she recoiled, with an ever deepening horror and aversion, from the Christian faith. At the same time Ansaldo lost a brother to whom he was tenderly attached, and who had distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks. It was a time of sore perplexity and trial. One idea took possession of his whole soul—Sarah would be excluded from everlasting life; and that one idea banished happiness and peace from his soul. During the Lent of 1619 he commended her to the prayers of all his friends, while Sarah was as earnestly praying that he might be converted to the Jewish religion. Ansaldo was driven to despair by her superiority as a controversialist, and by the ease with which she wielded an incomparable erudition. She was, besides, profoundly versed in all the records of her religion, and was intimately

conversant with the writings and the method of Aristotle. He lost temper, or at least expressed himself with a semblance of irritation which wounded the feelings of his susceptible antagonist. He told her that her profession of the Jewish law was out of date and season, and she regarded this as an allusion to the degradation of her people. She expressed her displeasure with dignity, but with obvious bitterness, and requested him to discontinue his prayers for her.

Ansaldo soon convinced her that she had misunderstood both his words and his intention. He assured her of his respect for the Jewish legislator, and his regret and horror for the vexations to which her nation was subjected, and then he continued thus what he intended and believed to be his last letter to her. After recommending to her anew the writings of S. Louis of Granada, and some other books he had sent her, he adds:—"You abandon yourself enthusiastically to the study of poets and philosophers, and yet all is vanity, except to know God and to trust in Him. O that you knew what prayers have been offered, and how many tears shed, for you during the week in

which we commemorate the passion of His Son! This is the best and kindest office I can render you. Try to regard as your real friends, not those who throng around you because of the charms of your conversation, but those who look at the beauty of your soul alone, and yearn to see you truly honourable upon earth and blessed for ever in heaven. The rabbi who has dedicated his tragedy to you can bestow more honour on you than I can here on earth; but, as a Christian, I can lead you far more surely than he can in the way of eternal glory. You take great pains to make me love the Jewish people, as though that love had not been always in my heart. Was she not a Jewess—that Virgin Mother of God, my gracious patroness in heaven? Was she not a Jewess—that Esther whom I chose as the heroine of my poem? Are not you a Jewess—you in whose salvation I am so deeply and continually interested? But I promised you to abstain from further allusion to your conversion; and as I can think of nothing else when I write to you, I must deny myself the pleasure of further intercourse with you. I

•

shall, however, always remember you; and when I am gone hence, think sometimes of your affectionate and devoted servant."

This letter was a great affliction to Sarah. She wrote immediately, and begged him not to withdraw his friendship or his admonitions. Ansaldo's resolution could not resist her supplication, and their correspondence continued as before, and became even more deeply interesting. Ansaldo's hopes that his prayers would be heard, and that Sarah would become a Christian, were stronger than ever. Isabella Doria, a pious lady of noble family, whose prayers he deemed of more avail than his own, united with him in earnest and continued intercession with God, that He would condescend to show forth His power, and get to Himself this victory and this glory. Everything seemed to promise Ansaldo that the desire of his heart was on the point of being granted to him. Sarah's letters breathed, he thought, intimations that her heart was being softened, and melted and disposed towards the faith. He had relinquished mere argument and controversy, and he endeavoured to touch Sarah's

heart and imagination. He could not impose on her his convictions; he might infect her with his own enthusiasm for the religion of Christ.

On Christmas-eve he composed an ode, far superior to anything he had previously written, because his whole being was penetrated and pervaded by the great mystery of the coming festival. He accompanied this ode with a letter as elevated and as beautiful, and more likely to affect her, because he was so weak and ill that he was obliged to employ an amanuensis. He spoke to her with perfect calmness of the decay of his strength, and of the symptoms of decline which he recognised in himself. He told her that his solicitude for her everlasting welfare was one principal cause, and a signal aggravation, of his sufferings; and he implored her to accept from him the only gift truly worthy of her—the faith of Jesus Christ. He mentioned to her a Jewess of Modena, whose name was Esther, and who had just been admitted into the Catholic fold. He showed her the great danger she was in of being classed with them of whom Scripture says: “*Quorum perit memoria cum sonitu;*” and he addressed her in the words of the prophet Isaias: “When wilt

thou break thy bonds, O captive daughter of Jerusalem?"

Sarah's reply to this touching letter would have filled the heart of Ansaldo with joy, if the most affectionate solicitude about his health could have sufficed him; but that was all. He was obliged to check the flow of the commendations she lavished on his poem. She addressed him, in her enthusiasm, as *mio sole*, my sun; he replied: "Think that my sun is not far distant from the horizon, and ere it disappears, never more to return, allow me to provide that a sun shall arise upon you which shall shine with eternal and undecaying light."

He was especially grieved to hear that she had been dangerously ill; so awfully did he dread her eternal condemnation for rejecting the proffered grace and mercy of Jesus. The idea that an issue so tremendous was suspended on a thing so frail as her life plunged him into a gloom and sadness which grew darker day by day, and his soul refused pleasure and consolation. He was so weak that his letters became less frequent; and he told Sarah that the reason he could not write oftener was, that his hands were so constantly clasped in prayer, that God

would not allow him to die without hearing of her conversion. He besought her to say every day these words: "Holy Mary, pray for me;" "For," said he, "although you do not acknowledge her to be the mother of God, you regard her as a holy woman of your own people. O that you knew how eager is my desire that these objects of our common love might reunite us in the world to come!"

Sarah refused to use this short prayer. She deemed her doing so equivalent to an act of apostasy; but she softened her refusal by many expressions of most tender sympathy with him in his sufferings. She had become fascinated with the doctrines of Plato, and she employed them to explain her boundless sympathy with Ansaldo. She believed these doctrines with so entire a faith, that she required no other assurance of a future life. They were her gospel and her revelation, and she longed to impart this consoling belief, as she deemed it, to the object of her admiration and affection. With this view she begged him to seek restoration in change of scene, and to visit her at Venice. He had always declined to receive her portrait. "I would rather," he said, "look upon your beauty

in heaven, where it can excite only a disinterested passion." She now sent it to him, hoping that it would add an irresistible force to her request; and she accompanied it with some graceful and affectionate verses.

Ansaldo was deeply moved. The beauty of Sarah surpassed the report of it. And the temptation was well-timed; he had just lost a sister who had been the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and this loss, following so closely on that of his brother, made him yearn for some human heart on which to rest his burden. This void of the heart increased his interest in one who expressed for him an admiration so intense in verses so beautiful. In his reply he uses the words of the prophet: "*Aufer a me tumultum carminum tuorum.*" He told her that he needed calmness and recollectedness during the short remainder of his life. "My day is fast declining," said he;

"Tu sei degli anni tuoi sul più bel fiore,
Ed hai la guancia ardente e colorita:
Io son sul terminar della mia vita,
Ed ho le fiamme dentro, il ghiaccio fuore."

"You are in the full flush and bloom of your years, and your cheek glows with the ruddy

hue of youth : I am drawing on towards the end, and while my heart beats warmly, I feel the chill touch of death."

This presentiment gave additional fervour to his pleadings with Sarah that she would become a Christian. " Grant me," he wrote, " this favour ; that I may bear away with me when I die the hope that I shall meet in the world to come her who has given me so much of happiness in the world that now is." There is another passage of great beauty, in which he speaks of the sublime disinterestedness of his affection for her.

" We are both prisoners here on earth ; but mine are chains of gold, while yours are of hard iron. O that you would give me one ray of hope that you may yet be converted, then I should write to you more frequently. Happy should I be to see what you would become when you had embraced the Catholic faith ; you, who now possess so many noble qualities. You are young ; your portrait tells me you are fair ; your intellect is keen ; your heart warm and generous ; you set before you only noble ends ; you are the favourite of the Muses. Were it not that I distrust the feebleness of

my heart, I assure you that, in spite of my sickness, I would come to see you; but I thank God for sparing me the temptation to associate you with any other thought than His glory in your conversion. The Lord is calling me to Himself in the way of tribulations; and in the religion I profess that is the surest and safest way to His presence. But Jesus, my Master, has so smoothed it for me, that even with my little courage, I trust to follow in His steps even to the end. Yes; heavy though my cross be, I will bear it to the end. It would be lighter but for you. O let us do all we can that we may meet in the land of the living, and enjoy the vision of God together."

But Sarah's will was unshaken. She rejected, as stoutly as ever, every suggestion to become a Christian. She refused to receive or to say any prayer which had this for its intention. She would build her tomb, she said, where her cradle had been. She shielded herself from Ansaldo's arguments behind the Old Testament, or behind Aristotle, whose authority she preferred to that of theologians, and even of Apostles. Still, she expressed her grief that she could not share and soothe his sufferings.

In one of her letters she had spoken of the effect his poetry produced on her, and had compared him to Amphion or Orpheus. In his reply, he writes :—

“It is said that the stones were moved by the lyre of Amphion, and wild beasts by that of Orpheus. How can you compare me to them, since I have not the power of attracting you towards the God whom I adore? Alas! their power must have been greater far than mine; were it not so, you must be colder and harder than stones or brute beasts.”

At length Ansaldo gave up all hope. The obstinacy of Sarah was invincible; there was not the remotest tendency towards the faith. He could not bear the thought of an eternal separation, and therefore he resolved to close a correspondence which this awful thought deprived of all its charms. He wrote her a letter, which breathes a grief most profound, and a dispondency akin to despair.

“*Cui assimilabo te, filia Sion?* To whom shall I liken thee, daughter of Sion? You refuse, then, to utter the short prayer I have sent you? Well, to my latest breath I shall say, *Holy Mary, pray for her!* since you will

not say it yourself. You know not how cruel and obstinate an enemy you are of your own salvation. I shall invoke Her above all on that solemn day when our churches resound with the triumphant words, *Assumpta est Maria in celum*. . . . Waste not your life and strength in excessive study. I am paying over the penalty of my ardent thirst for knowledge—a knowledge which has brought me no real happiness. To love God, and to flee from the world—there is the wisest choice a noble heart can make amidst so many woes and miseries. Of what avail is all that love of glory with which you are so smitten? What will it profit you to have wreathed your brow with that laurel of which you sing in your verses? A little dust and ashes will soon be the measure of your pride and of your triumphs. Above all things, I implore you, let us think of the salvation of our souls, and let our faith be so strong that we may regard an *immortal* name on earth as mere smoke which vanishes into the air. Alas, alas! while I seek your salvation, you make my tears to flow, and hasten the hour of my death!”

He closed his letter by saying that this was

the last time he should write, as he did not think it was right to continue to correspond with a Jewess, for the mere pleasure he might find in doing so, and that he had now no hope that his efforts to convert her would be successful. But he did not keep this resolution. After a long interval he received Sarah's reply, which informed him of her long illness, and of her recovery, but breathed no anger or reproach. He feared that his harsh dismissal of her might have caused or aggravated her sickness, and he reproached himself bitterly. By way of reparation he wrote to her again, and begged his friend Giacomo Rosa, to whom he had confided all his solicitude on Sarah's account, to visit her and console her in his weakness. Giacomo was unable to execute this commission for some little time, and the letter he had written was accidentally delayed, so that Sarah believed herself abandoned by her friend.

Ansaldo, meanwhile, was fast fading away; but, the nearer he felt himself to death, the more fervent were his prayers that God would grant this last and crowning grace, which seemed as dear to him as his own salvation. Once when his sufferings were so intense that

he thought his last hour had come, he dictated the following letter:—

“ My life is gathered up into my heart—I devote it to you ; show your gratitude by becoming a Christian. I dread lest God should call you to account for all the entreaties I have addressed to you in vain ; and I cannot endure the thought that one so dear to me should suffer the more because of my solicitude in her behalf. If you cannot grant me this consolation while I live, do not forget that my soul will not cease to know and to feel when I am dead. Read often the works of Brother Louis of Granada ; lay aside all mine, except those I sent you by Benedict Spinola. Compare the works and the death of Christ with the predictions of your prophets. I suffer much ; I cannot write, but I shall never forget you ; and it is better that I should write to you less and pray for you more.”

To this he appended a verse, which Sarah compared to the dying notes of the swan ; but they did not produce any further effect upon her. During this year, 1622, the Jews began

to accuse her of unbelief in the Jewish law. They were jealous of her genius, and of the renown it had procured her. Notwithstanding the testimony of her own conscience, this accusation overwhelmed her with grief. The bare idea that she should be suspected of a defection so base at a time when the Jews were suffering oppression, wounded her pride most deeply, and occasioned her intense anguish. She could not refrain from imparting her sorrow to Ansaldo, who wrote thus :—

“ You tell me you are the victim of calumny, —so men have calumniated the stars, by saying that they were mere spots on the sky ; but they shine on with undiminished splendour.”

Sarah had scarcely hardened herself against this imputation, when one Balthazar Bonifaccio accused her of denying the immortality of the soul. This accusation was more painful to her, because it was made in a book printed at Venice. It was thus widely spread, and affected her most painfully, because she was far from indifferent to her present fame and the judgment of posterity. She resolved on printing her reply to it. Her apology is curious, as the only writing she ever committed to the

press, and it affords some insight into the genius and resources of this extraordinary woman.

Balthazar had often been present at discussions in which Sarah had taken part; but they were too learned and animated for him. He was too ignorant to understand either the objections, or the replies which were made, and his vanity was piqued by his enforced silence. He then took it into his head that he should acquire some celebrity if he wrote in favour of the immortality of the soul against a Jewess so celebrated. His work appeared. Sarah was not yet convalescent, but she summoned all her strength to the task of reply, and it appeared in two days. It was victorious and pathetic. She laid bare the malice and ignorance of her assailant with so much dexterity and quiet humour, and so exposed his pride and bad faith, that her triumph was complete.

"The title of your book reminds me," she began, "of the Roman who was invited to hear an oration in praise of Hercules. 'Well,' said he, 'who has said anything against Hercules?' Who has said anything against the immor-

talities of the soul? And yet you undertake the defence of this dogma; you claim a special mission from God to do so, as if you alone were worthy to discharge it. Truly, if the immortality of the soul had no other foundation than the reasons you have adduced, materialism would have reason to exult, and poor human nature would be much to be pitied. You will say, perhaps, that God often chooses vile and abject instruments to do great works; and you will remind me that Baalam's ass spoke once,—yes; but then the effect was obviously divine,—a plea you cannot adduce in favour of your right to speak."

We know not which is the more remarkable in this defence, its close and compact reasoning, or its delicate and biting irony. But more interesting than either is the notice and dedication prefixed to it. "You may deem it strange, kind reader, that a name not altogether unknown to you should appear for the first time in connection with a dispute so remote from my habitual studies; but the malice of others has compelled me to publish this, rather than any of the works I have by me, and from which I might expect more

honour and renown. Be well assured that, in writing this brief and hasty apology, I have had no thought of acquiring glory or praise; I have simply repelled the base calumny of Signor Balthazar Bonifaccio. I pray you, therefore, not to look in this pamphlet for broad and original views, or deep erudition. I am but now recovering from a long and dangerous illness, and God has saved me from death that I may rescue my fame from this obloquy. I have written in haste, lest prejudice against me should become rooted by time, and because a subject like this needs neither preparation nor materials, except a frank profession of my faith in God, and in the resolution he has given. Read then this brief but needful apology; absolve an innocent person from calumny; drive the calumniator from your presence; and, fare you well."

The dedication is most touching. Her father had been her most valued instructor; but death had removed him ere he could reap the fruit of his toils. To him she thus offers her book:—

"O thou who gavest me my earthly being,
my father! thou who wast always so tender

and so good—although thou hast laid down this mortal body to take thy place amongst the living spirits who are thy companions evermore,—to thee, beloved spirit, I offer this little work, a pledge and token of the memory in which I hold thy care and thy affection.”

To this dedication she appended some Italian verses, containing an earnest and appropriate prayer. She sent her work to Ansaldo, but he had not strength enough to take much interest in the conflict or in the victory of his friend. After having read the apology, he simply replied, that “It was not enough to believe that the soul was immortal; it was further requisite that that immortality should be happy and blessed. Alas!” he added, “I see that you love glory too much, and truth too little. Your heart is less acted upon by affliction than by the desire to distinguish yourself above ordinary women write no more to me. I have need now to detach myself from all things and persons of earth, that I may die well; and you are the strongest tie I have to earth. Unless you can announce to me your conversion, or give me some hope that it is not impossible, think no more of me. That is

the one only interest I can have in you. I pray for your conversion with more fervour than ever . . . ”

These solemn words were the last he wrote to her. He lingered still for some months ; but his mental and bodily sufferings left him only strength for prayer. And at length death ended his sorrows and anxieties.

He had foreseen the spiritual abandonment of Sarah after his death ; and he bequeathed her, so to speak, to the charity and prayers of his friend Marc Antony Doria — the Doria whose statue may still be seen at Genoa, in the hospital which he built for those whose maladies were beyond the reach of art. Ansaldo implored him to perfect by his prayers the conversion for which he had toiled and suffered and prayed in vain.

It is natural to ask whether his efforts were all in vain : what became of Sarah Sulham after the death of so tender and disinterested a friend ; whether her life continued to sparkle with joy, or whether it was overshadowed by regrets and remorse, we know not. We have explored at Venice both books and traditions, in the hope that some accidental word at least

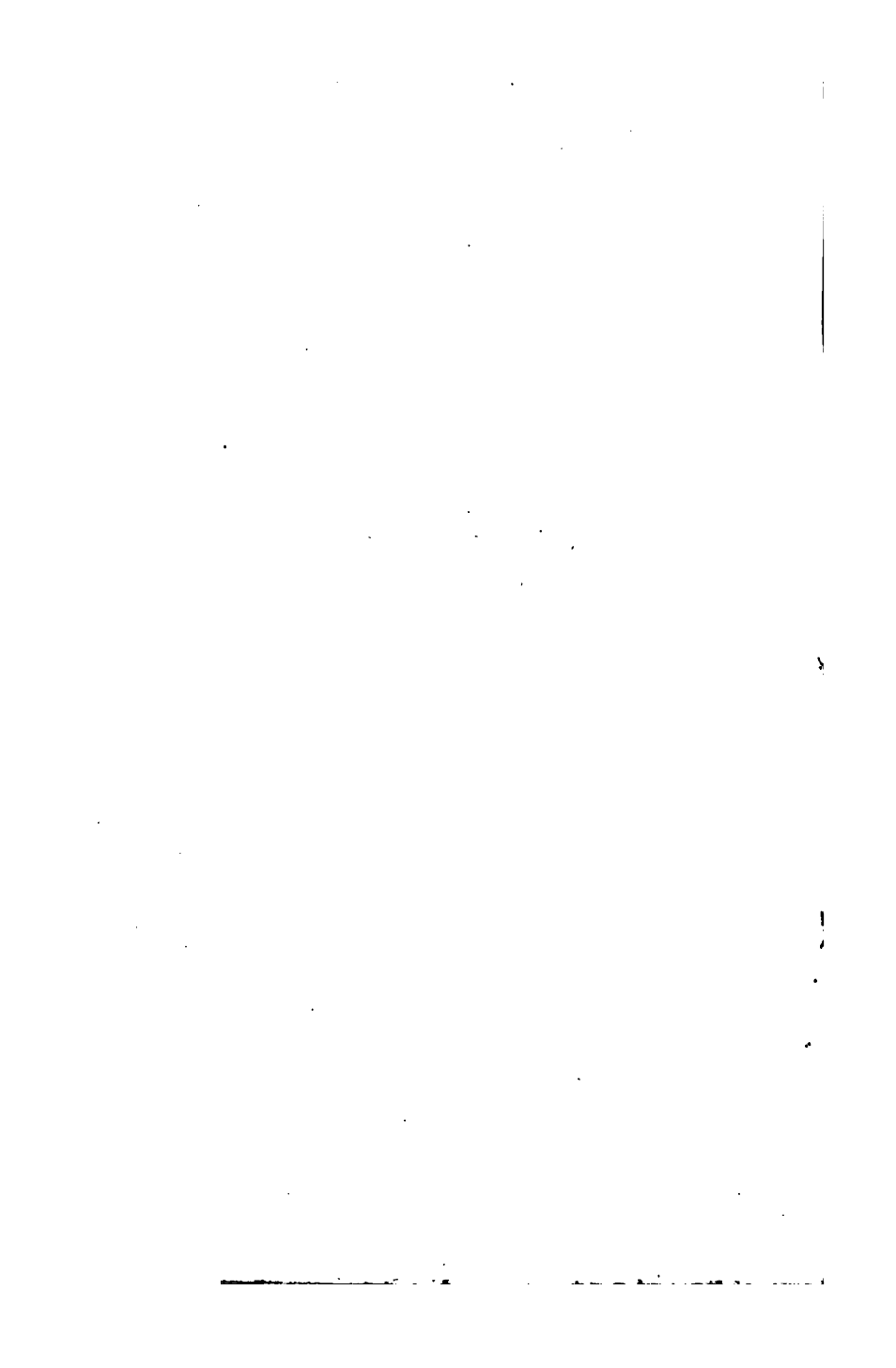
might disclose the subsequent fate of one so interesting. Whether she died a Christian will probably never be known. The stones of the Jewish burial-ground bear no record of her ; and her memory has passed away from amongst men.



HELENA CORNARO;

OR,

The Martyrdom of Humility.



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OR, THE MARTYRDOM OF HUMILITY.

Spreta in tempore gloria cumulatione redit.—TIT. LIV., xii. 47.

THE nobles of Venice are distinguished by a curious admixture of Christian and old Roman feeling, which has stamped her annals with a singular and heroic character. Engaged in almost unceasing conflict with the infidel, and accustomed to mingle a religious interest with their commercial speculations and political combinations, they were slow in losing that passionate enthusiasm which prompts to noble deeds; and the hereditary assumption of direct descent from the noble races of ancient Rome incited the members of the Venetian aristocracy to efforts of heroism, from which grew traditions with which it was almost impossible to



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break.* No other history presents a similar spectacle. A mere fancy, the offspring of childish vanity, led to deeds of courage and of self-sacrifice, which elevated it to the rank of a social and patriotic obligation; and by dint of having these great models constantly before their eyes, they came to imitate them almost without effort. This illusion had the greater influence on the formation of character at a time when the *renaissance* led to a deeper study of the original documents of the history of their supposed ancestors. Elsewhere this study was matter of curiosity or of literary enthusiasm; at Venice it was a most practical teaching, enforced on noble youth by professors themselves noble, and we may easily trace the fruits of this teaching in the military history of the republic.

Amongst the families thus pledged to justify a fabulous origin by deeds of adequate splendour, the Cornari were foremost. They traced their descent from the Scipios and the Gracchi, and thus contracted the most for-

* Thus the Contarini traced their origin to Aurelius Cotta, the Quirini to Sulpicius, the Soranzi to Superantius, the Loredani to Mutius Scævola, &c.

midable obligations to their country and to posterity. And never was high obligation more worthily discharged.

If we go back to the time of the emigration from the continent to the Lagunes, we find the Cornari amongst the twelve principal families which formed the germ of the Venetian nobility. They were the founders of the most ancient churches, such as those of the Twelve Apostles and of S. Matthias at Marano. As the government acquired stability, we find them invested with the highest dignities, both in Church and State; prelates, cardinals, generals, admirals, senators, and even doges issued from this illustrious house, which seemed to become but the more fruitful in various greatness the more urgent the needs of the republic. The skill of some of its members, and the valour of others, were displayed in Italy, in Greece, in the Archipelago, and the Levant. A Peter Cornaro fought side by side with the old Doge Dandolo under the walls of Constantinople; a Frederic Cornaro fought at the side of the Doge Contarini in the famous war of Chiozzia against the Genoese. At the time of the

league of Cambrai, a George Cornaro astounded his fellow-citizens by declining a crown, and not less by his incredible activity in spite of old age and suffering; and rendered the state such good service that he was styled the father and the preserver of his country. There were so many Cornari at the battle of Lepanto, that it seemed as if the family had sent thither all its members capable of bearing arms. It was a Francis Cornaro who commanded the galley called *the Christ*, one of those which most effectually contributed to the glory of that memorable day. John Cornaro and his brother Andrew were also captains. The former perished gloriously in the fight, after having witnessed the death of his three sons, Stephen, Jerome, and Francis. And amongst the most notable of the victors of that day, there was also a Jerome Cornaro, who commanded the galley *la Speranza*, and who lost from his side his son George. It is to this Cornaro that we owe the magnificent palace which is still to be seen near S. Maurice on the Great Canal.

Thus this illustrious family was great in military glory, and in the memory of brilliant

services rendered to their country. Nor was it less distinguished for its protection and patronage of letters and arts. Some of its members cultivated both with an honourable pride, and with success enough to render their pride excusable. Of these we may mention four who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century, in the brightest splendour of the *renaissance*. Two of these were great orators, and both bore the name of Marc Antony. A third, Francis Cornaro, bishop of Paphos, astonished and edified the Council of Trent by the depth of his erudition and the fervour of his eloquence. The fourth and the most celebrated was that Antony Cornaro who, after having been ambassador at Paris, did not disdain the chair of philosophy at Padua, and subsequently at Venice.

The adventures of Catherine Cornaro, queen of Cyprus, are too well known to be related here. Her beauty, her courage, and her misfortunes combine to make her one of the most interesting heroines of Venetian history, in spite of the eccentricities of her later years. It is, however, worth recording, that when she married Lusignan, king of Cyprus, Jerusalem,

and Armenia, she was adopted by the senate of Venice, and received from the state a dowry of a hundred thousand ducats of gold. The doge himself escorted her from her palace to the Bucentauro with great pomp. In a very short time she lost her husband and two infant sons, and governed her kingdom for fifteen years of trial and misfortune. At length she made, in the church of S. Mark, a solemn cession of her kingdom to the republic, and received in exchange the sovereignty of Asolo, near Trevino. There she reigned for nineteen years of peace; and poets, artists, senators, and princes, flocked to those feasts and amusements commemorated by Bembo, who was the chief ornament as well as the accurate chronicler of this little court. The war which followed the league of Cambrai compelled Catherine to seek refuge in Venice, where she died in the following year, and, as a last favour of fortune, was praised in a funeral oration by Andrew Navagero, the most elegant and popular orator of his day. All these qualifications of mind and of person, all these vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity, make her a singularly interest-

ing person ; yet, within a century and a half, the same family counted amongst its daughters one whose history, quiet and domestic as it is, deservedly excites far more interest, sympathy, and even admiration ; I mean Helena Lucretia Cornaro, who was born at Venice in 1646.

Her father, John Baptist Cornaro, was procurator of S. Mark, and was not unworthy of his illustrious name nor of such a daughter. His marriage with Zanetta Boni had been censured by the Council of Ten as ill assorted in point of rank, and his sons were excluded by decree from all functions and privileges pertaining to the nobility. He made many ineffectual attempts to procure the reversal of this severe decree in favour of his two sons, sole heirs of a name which it behoved the republic to rescue from oblivion ; but his repeated petitions received only mortifying refusals.

“ I have ever had,” he says, in his first petition, “ two altars erected in my heart,—one to God, the other to my country ; and although they are distinct in thought, they combine to form one sole and indivisible worship, one sole and identical faith. Piety towards God and devotion to my country are

two effects which flow from one cause, just as the good citizen and the good Christian are characteristics comprised in the general notion of true religion. Thus our divine Lord has taught us,—He who loved the gates of Sion more than all the tabernacles of Jacob; and thus, in all the public offices which have been confided to me, I have ever thought that while I was serving my country I was serving Christ; and even in my military command I have governed myself by the same maxims. I have reason to believe that they are graven in the hearts of my sons as deeply as in my own. I have given them all that a father can give. I have given them a capacity for breathing the vital air of heaven; the waters of baptism have marked their brow with the seal of redemption, and the Church has set them forth in the way of everlasting salvation. They lack one thing alone,—to be received and numbered amongst the cherished sons of our august republic. It is the sole inheritance I can bequeath them now; for the aid given by my father and by myself to the state during the present war has exhausted the resources of our once flourishing house."

Again and again he renewed his appeal in the same tone of respectful pride; but the old maxims of state were inflexible, although the doge was moved to tears by the touching eloquence of Cornaro. A fifth time he ventured to say that the memories of his ancestral glory deserved some recompense. He cited Mark Cornaro, who was elected doge about the middle of the fifteenth century, in spite of his poverty, his old age, and the obscure birth of his wife. He pointed to that Frederic Cornaro who had ruined his fortune by his donations to the republic during the war of Chioggia; and, reminding the senate of glories which were yet fresh in every one's memory, he demanded the admission of his two sons to the patriciate as the reward of the blood shed at Lepanto by his uncles.

This appeal produced an immediate effect. Both the senate and the great council acceded at once to his demand, and the laudable ambition of Cornaro was satisfied. He now devoted himself with inflexible perseverance to another great object of his life. In his vast palace, stored with hereditary trophies, he thought rather of the voids they had omitted

to fill, than of the glorious memories they had left. Both in the world of action and in that of thought there was enough to have contented many families; but he imagined that amongst the daughters of his house, there was none whose scientific and literary renown was brilliant enough for a Cornaro. The sceptre of the queen of Cyprus was below the level of his aspirations; he wished to conquer a royalty still more rare, the royalty of intellect, to which more than one daughter of Venice had already aspired, and which could be won only by the most worthy.

Let us turn to the victim of this strange ambition. Besides the two sons whose restoration to their rights Cornaro had obtained, he had a daughter, whose precocity of genius led her father to fancy that he should behold, on his death, the fulfilment of his cherished wish. Thenceforward everything in the education of this hapless child was arranged with reference to the great end towards which he strove. But her genius did not follow her father's bent, and the aspirations of her childhood threatened to deceive the fond hopes he reposed in her.

Soon it became obvious that filial obedience

was the one only motive of her assiduous application to her various tasks, and that flattery and success had no influence upon her. On the other hand, every one remarked the gleam of bliss which kindled her solemn face whenever she was allowed to visit a church for prayer, or to bestow alms upon the poor. Ere she could distinctly articulate a few words, she was eager to share in every permitted exercise of piety; when the Angelus bell rang she would collect the servants, and say the Ave Maria with them with a gravity and fervour remarkable in a child. When the bell announced mass in the neighbouring church she would throw a white veil over her head, and implore, even with tears, to be taken to church to hear mass. It was rare indeed that she cried in caprice or from childish fretfulness; but if she did so, there was one remedy which never failed to soothe her. A medal of the Blessed Virgin or a Rosary would raise her above all her infant sorrows, and gratify her more than any toy or game suited to her age. Before the end of her fifth year she had come to use every kind of entreaty in order to be allowed to wear the plainest and simplest

clothing, and to draw inferences from the principles of the Christian faith as to the employment of wealth and the proper exercise of charity. One day her father was leading her through the apartments of his stately palace, and striving to kindle her admiration for the paintings and decorations with which they were adorned; she asked him in a tone of sadness what had been the cost of all this luxury, and when he had told her, she sighed and said: "My father, would it not have been better to have distributed all this money to the poor, and so to have prepared for yourself a beautiful mansion above, in the paradise of God?" A Capuchin friar, Father Antony of Breganza, who was celebrated as a preacher, happened to be present when the child asked this question; and he tells us that the simple recital of it in the pulpit had been most effectual in moving his auditors to deeds of charity.

Her love of prayer increased as she advanced in years; and so did her repugnance for frivolous amusements and elegance of dress. As she grew older she became more and more beautiful, and her mother, who thought far

more of the beauty than of the genius of her daughter, was anxious to set it out to the greatest advantage. This anxiety of her mother was a severe trial of Helena's obedience. On one day in particular during the carnival, when the Grand Canal was crowded with gondolas adorned with the most exquisite taste, the family had assembled in a balcony commanding a favourable view of the brilliant scene. Helena was missing, and was found at length alone in her room in an attitude of profound meditation. She was ordered to make her appearance in the balcony, and obeyed instantly; but when she saw the unhallowed pomp and festivity of the thoughtless crowd, she burst into tears and said to her mother,—“O my mother, look how many Christians are wasting their time on things of no value, without thought of Him who died to redeem them. I implore you let me withdraw myself; I must go to pray for them and for myself.”

Besides this marked predilection for Christian perfection, she had, to her great sorrow, given tokens of a prodigious mental activity, and had made unusually rapid progress in every study

to which she was commanded to apply herself. The illusion of her father was flattered and strengthened by the predictions of ill-judging friends, and his ambition was both piqued and gratified by the prospect of a kind of glory which was as yet lacking to his family. It was therefore resolved that there should be a learned lady, bearing the name of Cornaro, who should combine profane and sacred learning, eloquence and poetry, ancient and modern languages, the exact sciences, and who should carry her knowledge of each of them to its highest possible perfection. The hapless victim of this sentence had scarcely reached her eighth year.

To kindle within her a lofty ambition, she was told of the glory and renown of her ancestors, and of the illustrious guests who had been received in the palace in which her childhood was passing so drearily away. She was told how, three centuries before, a certain Peter Lusignan, king of Cyprus, and a Visconti, daughter of the duke of Milan, had been entertained with regal magnificence by Frederic Cornaro, one of the heroes of the war of Chioggia; how about the same time they had

astonished an archduke of Austria by the splendour of his reception ; and how the name of Cornaro was uttered with respect and gratitude wherever the banner of the republic waved.

The humble Helena was but slightly affected by this display of the family honours and recollections. There was but one page of these domestic annals to which she recurred again and again—it was the narrative of a pilgrimage to Palestine, undertaken in 1519 by her great grandfather, Francis Cornaro. The devotional impressions produced on her by this simple account interested her far more than details of genealogy, or eloquent descriptions of sieges and of battles.

John Baptist Fabris, the author of a commentary on Aristotle, which was very celebrated in its day, was intrusted with the task of cultivating those wondrous powers, which he had been one of the first to remark in the youthful Helena. At his death, which took place soon after, the poor girl had no less than three professors at once—a Dr. Bartolotti, one of the canons of S. Mark, and a scholar of Greek extraction, named Louis Gradenigo.

By way of compensation for the dry repulsiveness of the studies to which she was condemned, she employed her few hours of leisure in reading spiritual books. Her heart and her imagination were alike soothed and elevated by the lives of the saints, and she found the martyrology far more touching and heroic than Plutarch, which she was studying at the same time. But nothing impressed her so deeply as the life of S. Louis de Gonzague; she traced a resemblance between the first religious impressions of the young Spaniard and the feelings which from time to time swayed her own heart. Lest this resemblance should prove but a vain illusion, she bound herself by a secret vow of chastity, and selected for that purpose the festival of the Annunciation, in imitation of S. Louis. She was twelve years of age when she thus undertook an engagement of which she could scarcely know the import; but her competence to enter into it cannot be determined by the number of her years. She had been hurried through the stage of infancy; all her powers, intensely energetic by nature, were developed by her forced education with a terrible rapidity. Indeed, at this age

she had made such progress in Greek and Latin, that it was deemed advisable to add to these studies French, modern Greek, Spanish, and Hebrew.

And thus the poor victim moved slowly onwards to the spot of sacrifice, bearing the crushing burden destined to consume her. It is her father who thus blights her tender youth, and sacrifices this gentle heart to the renown of his name and the undying glory of his daughter. Helena acquitted herself but too well of her multiplied tasks. She not only attained such mastery over these languages that she spoke them as fluently and as gracefully as her mother tongue, but she wrote in them all with precision and elegance. Her tutor Gradenigo silenced a rival candidate for an abbey in Corfu, who had charged him with ignorance of Greek, by producing a little treatise which Helena had composed in that language under his tuition.

During this second period of her learned education, Helena found a great and congenial consolation in music. She made more rapid progress in this than in any other of her studies, because she found in it some expression of the

vague and mysterious aspirations of her soul. Her spiritual reading was also continued.

As she was familiar with the ballads of many nations, she took pleasure in acquiring a knowledge of their appropriate music. The softness of the Spanish romance was contrasted by the sweet wild mountain airs of Greece; and she even learnt Arabic in order to be able to sing some songs which had pleased her. Her voice was sweet and flexible, and she accompanied herself on the guitar, the harpsichord, or the harp, with a skill which seemed instinctive.

When she had made what was deemed sufficient progress in music, in languages, and in rhetoric, she was then introduced to the scholastic philosophy as a preparation for theology. Her delighted father was told that the facility with which she had learned so many languages showed that her mind was admirably adapted to receive all external impressions; it remained only to harden and temper it by the study of exact science, and if the youthful Helena could combine these two qualities of intellect in due proportion, her superiority to every woman whose memory has been embalmed in history would be too obvious to be contested. This as-

surance induced Cornaro to remove his daughter to Padua, that she might draw from that abundant and pure source the streams of knowledge which were to fertilize her intellect so as to render her the wonder of her time.

This was her first step towards celebrity. Hitherto she had undergone rather than sought praise, and her conflict and sufferings were intense. Nevertheless she obeyed without a murmur, without one word of repining at the injury thus inflicted on her modest and retiring soul; but the ever-deepening melancholy which tinged all her meditations showed too clearly that her sacrifice was enforced and reluctant.

By degrees the study of theology became a kind of comfort to her, and she threw herself into it with excessive ardour. She felt a growing love for logic and rhetoric because she found them so useful in religious argument and controversy. It was at this time that she began to understand the charm which a contemplative life has for a soul which thirsts to know and to love, and to ponder the steps necessary for obtaining so magnificent a boon for herself. She felt the greatest veneration for S. Benedict, and she was unable to picture

to herself anything more fascinating than the religious rule of which he was the author. But she was careful to conceal her increasing desire for the monastic life, and her aversion to the world, and to the renown for which she was doomed to toil. Her father had destined her to become the last and crowning glory of his house, and she could not determine to frustrate his dearest ambition. Provided that she might preserve within her heart an inmost sanctuary of peace and humility, she pursued with docile submissiveness the path traced out for her by her father's authority. But from the moment when she thought she had ceased to be utterly indifferent to the enthusiasm which she excited, her conscience gave her no rest. After a long and severe conflict she sought her father, threw herself into his arms, and relieved her oppressed heart by a flood of tears. It was a touching and a trying scene to both. Her father then first heard of her vow of chastity, and the faintest hint at its invalidity was so bitterly distressing to Helena, that he gave her both his consent and his blessing. He was deeply pained, but he was not a stranger to serious and holy thoughts; and he said with Job—*Dominus*

dedit, Dominus abstulit, sit nomen Domini benedictum—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

The house in which she began her noviciate was reputed one of the most regular and edifying of Italy; but it was, in reality, a house of discord and a centre of unworthy intrigue. Helena was so delighted at her release from the painful yoke she had so long borne in silence, that she noticed nothing that was passing around her. Her illusion lasted several weeks, and then she awoke to the conviction that she must seek another refuge. A saintly woman, Sister Mary Felice, who was then living in one of the lesser islands of the republic, removed all the scruples of Helena Cornaro by telling her that the ill success of her first attempt showed that Providence had other designs with regard to her, and that she was destined to live in the world, and to shine with a lustre of holiness yet more winning and subduing than that of her intellect.

She returned to her father's house, resumed her former course of life, and her father's former ambition was kindled afresh. Gradenigo was summoned again, and with him as many learned

men as were deemed necessary to impart the last consummating touch to the education of his pupil. Public assemblies were held in the palace of Cornaro, and there, surrounded by men of learning and of power, she maintained theses on every imaginable subject. It was remarked, however, that she relied less on keen and subtle reasoning than on a native and simple eloquence, which was rendered additionally captivating by her extreme youthfulness. By degrees these assemblies became more famous, and were frequented by learned men from all parts. Her noblest triumph was achieved on Ascension-day, we know not in what year, when the Venetian senate adjourned a debate on public business in order to hear Helena Cornaro; and her eloquence so fascinated her hearers that the marriage of the doge with the Adriatic Sea, and the other pomps of the day, were thrown into the shade and forgotten.

A German prince, who had crossed the Alps in order to witness these ceremonies, was present at this memorable assembly. The beauty and simplicity of Helena, her expression of unpretending modesty and silent suffering, interested him even more than the flow of

her eloquence and the unfathomable depth of her erudition. The ceremonies of the day were entirely forgotten. He asked her hand in marriage; and this suit brought on a critical and terrible conflict between her and her father. She persisted in regarding her vow as binding, while he maintained that it was null and void, and assumed all his authority as a father to overcome her unexpected resistance. He had recourse to the sovereign pontiff, and obtained a dispensation, nothing doubting but that it would at once remove the scruples which were ruffling the peace of his family and disappointing the cherished hope of his life.

On reading the dispensation, Helena became pale as death, but made no remark upon it. Her soul was filled with dread and sorrow. She sent for the venerable abbot of S. George, D. Cornelius Codanini, renewed her vow in his presence, and asked at his hands the habit of the order of S. Benedict, with permission to wear it beneath her secular clothes. She then declared to her father that she was resolved to maintain her vow inviolate, even were the greatest monarch of the world to seek her in

marriage; and to obviate a renewal of so painful a strife, she took steps towards retiring into a convent at Castiglione. But a compromise was effected at length. Her father promised never to solicit her to break her vow, and she consented to remain always at home, occupied in works of religion and of charity, as well as in those studies which were to perfect her literary renown.

The studies which were simply secular had never attracted her, and she had always pursued them in a spirit of silent resignation; but she became absorbed in theology, history, and philosophy, in every kind of reading that gratified her taste for the contemplative life, and justified her enthusiastic loyalty to the Catholic faith. She took especial pleasure in the acts of the earliest martyrs, the Apology of Tertullian, and the works of S. Basil and S. Chrysostom. She would not disappoint her father by refusing to submit to her destiny of renown, and to the eulogies which were its inevitable consequence; but she loved to make her learning useful by reclaiming for the Church those whom their fathers' sin had alienated from it. Father Oliva speaks of two

Greek priests whose conversion followed on discussion with her, and whom she had sent to him to make their abjuration. Her Hebrew master was a rabbi, very zealous and rigorous in his observation of his religion. She fixed her heart on his conversion, and sought it sometimes by controversy, but oftener by prayers and tears in secret. When she saw that her efforts had no success, her sorrow was so great, that both sleep and health forsook her. Within a year he came to her, and confessed with tears that he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, but that he could not grieve and injure his family by abjuring his old religion in favour of a new one.

Meanwhile she was accused of blameworthy presumption. She was a woman, and ought, according to S. Paul, to keep silence. Unhappily, her father took it into his head that she should be admitted doctor in theology. This whimsical notion led to a vigorous controversy, which lasted several months, and in which the theologians of France, Germany, and Italy took part. Some doctors of the Sorbonne affirmed that the degree might be

conferred. One defender of this opinion writes thus to Helena herself:—

“It is objected that as the Church has ever restrained women from offering, in their own persons, the holy sacrifice of the altar, this restriction must extend to everything which is of the domain of theology. . . . Now, in regard of theological questions, it is clear that they have a right to entertain and to handle them, for Jesus Christ himself revealed the sublimest mysteries of our religion to Mary Magdalen, to her sister Martha, and to the woman of Samaria. We might even affirm that He gave them mission to preach His Gospel, since it was His will that the good tidings, *par excellence*, the fact of His resurrection, should be disclosed by them to His disciples.”

Honourable as were these quotations and arguments to her sex, the repugnance of Helena was invincible. Her father was obliged to concede the point, but on condition that she should be admitted doctor in philosophy and arts in the university of Padua.

She refused this condition at first, hoping that her prayers would obtain help from

heaven, and her tears touch her father's heart; she implored her mother and her confessor to use all their influence that this bitter chalice might be removed, and she assured them that if she were condemned to this cruel trial, she felt she should not long survive it.

But neither tears nor predictions availed. The utmost favour she could obtain was to be spared the pain of appearing before the immense crowd assembled at Padua on the festival of S. Antony. During the brief respite accorded her, she prepared herself for her trial, not as candidates are wont to do, but by recourse to the sacraments. She sought in communion the grace of perfect humility, that she might be shielded from the illusions and the intoxication of vain glory. In spite of every precaution, Padua was full of strangers attracted by the novelty of the spectacle; and, as the university hall could not contain so great a multitude, it was decided that Helena Cornaro should defend her thesis in the vast basilica of S. Antony. This decision filled her soul with joy. She felt that there she would be more immediately beneath the eye and the hand of God, and that her audience would be more

indulgent and compassionate. Early in the morning of the 25th June, 1678, the ringing of bells and the tumult of a hurrying crowd announced the arrival of the fatal moment. She knelt down and began a prayer, which she continued to repeat on her way, without allowing herself to be discomposed or distracted by the murmurs of approbation and the shouts of joy which greeted her as she went. As she crossed the threshold of the church, she was on the point of fainting. She felt that her memory and all her powers were weakened and confused, and she dragged her tottering feet to the altar of the Blessed Virgin to implore her protection. She soon regained her presence of mind, and when she appeared in the pulpit with pale and suffering looks, with a laurel wreath on her head, and her eyes lowered a moment in maidenly modesty, and then raised to heaven in entreating, the spectators were softened to tears.

But sympathy gave place to wonder and admiration when they heard with what logical precision, and what copious and splendid eloquence, she treated the philosophical questions assigned to her. Again and again she was

interrupted by irrepressible bursts of applause, and she was so disconcerted by them, that it was found necessary to abridge her trial. She was escorted home in triumph, and it was declared by all, that if Venice was the wonder of the world, Helena Cornaro was the wonder of Venice.

And now nothing was lacking to the perfect contentment of John Baptist Cornaro. No kind of glory was wanting to his family and his name. He beheld ambassadors and even princes coming to Padua for the sake of seeing and hearing his daughter. When the Cardinal d'Estrées paid her a visit, she displayed her talent for improvisation in every language she had acquired. The gentlemen of his suite spoke of her, on their return to France, as a prodigy; and it was at her recommendation that Louis XIV. accepted the dedication of a philosophical treatise, written by Rinaldini,* a professor at Padua, and bestowed on the writer a medal and chain of gold of great value.

Amidst all these honours the poor girl was

* This Charles Rinaldini was the nephew of John Rinaldini, whom Henry IV. honoured with his intimate friendship.

enduring keen sufferings from a disease which was, indeed, constitutional, but which was now aggravated and brought to a crisis by the efforts she had made to undergo this painful trial. From this day, outwardly so full of glory, her life was one slow, lingering agony, which must have pierced her father's heart with remorse. She was attacked in succession by various diseases, and reduced to such a state that those who stood around her thought her last hour was come. Six long years she remained in this precarious state, suspended between life and death; but to her they were neither slow nor long. At intervals she regained some measure of strength, and to please her father she seemed to take interest in the studies which had withered the bloom of her youth. At times she caused herself to be carried to the hospital to visit those whom she had known in the days of her youth and health. From these visits she would return with more than usual serenity, and bear her sufferings with more heroic patience, and display a yet more touching tenderness of affection towards her father.

As she uttered no complaint, her father was

deceived by some weeks of unbroken calmness, and urged her to undertake some connected work, suggesting as a topic a declamation on the grandeur of the Venetian republic. In her preface she says that she consented for two reasons: first, in obedience to her father; secondly, because

*Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui—*

that is, from purest love of her native land. This little work is written in a very elegant style, and is remarkable for the number of Greek and Roman authors quoted in it; but it bears obvious marks of the inevitable prostration of her powers by great and continuous suffering.

On one last occasion, after five years of illness, she shone forth in all her strength and brilliance. It was when she heard that the Turks had pitched their tents and were raising their batteries before Vienna, after having butchered all the Christians they had met on their march. The apathy of Europe on this occasion was to her an enigma and a scandal. Ignorant of the decay of her times, she could

not believe that the religious spirit of chivalry had disappeared without hope of return. When she was told that John Sobieski was marching to the rescue of Vienna, at the head of an army of Catholics, she almost died of joy. She uttered his name with a kind of transport, and she deemed happy all who could claim Sobieski as a fellow-citizen and Poland for their country. During the struggle it was observed that she communicated more frequently, and practised many extraordinary penances, and no Christian heart beat more impetuously, no prayers were more fervent than hers. She redoubled her devotion towards the ever Blessed Virgin, because she knew that the Poles regarded her as their special patroness and queen. At length she was relieved from the agony of her suspense by news of the deliverance of Vienna; and she made many sketches of panegyrics upon the leading personages in this conflict for the existence of Christendom. Her father pressed her to complete them; she obeyed with tears, saying that she offered this painful sacrifice to the Blessed Virgin. Her panegyrics of the duke of Lorraine, John Sobieski, and of

Innocent II., were printed and sent to those distinguished persons. The Polish hero was much affected by the interest which a dying girl felt in his fame, and wrote to her in the most grateful and flattering terms. The sovereign pontiff condescended to reply to her congratulations, and sent her his special blessing—a real and most acceptable consolation in her weakness and anguish.

Exhausted by her enthusiasm and her penances, as much as by her disease, she relapsed into extreme weakness. When she received the letters of the Pope and of Sobieski in June, 1684, she was lying almost unconscious, and her days were obviously numbered and few.

Two years before, her father wished to cut down a cypress in front of one of his windows, because it obstructed the view of the Euganean hills. Her mother had planted the tree in the year in which Helena was born, and implored him to spare it for the sake of this association. A few months afterwards she went alone to Venice, and her husband was about to take advantage of her absence to cut down the obnoxious tree, when Helena stopped him and said, with a voice that smote on his heart with

the clearness of prophecy: "Wait until this cypress withers away and dies of itself, and then the trunk of it will serve for my coffin."

These words had often echoed again in her father's heart, but they seemed to him like heaven's own thunder when he saw the tree begin to wither just when his daughter's mortal agony began. For ten days before her death she was delirious, but no word escaped her that could wound her father's heart, or impeach the perfection of her patience. In the feverish agitation of her soul all her earliest impressions and memories came forth fresh and clear; but there was no word of all the treasures of her erudition, nor her literary triumphs at Venice, nor the culminating glory of Padua, nor anything on which *vanity* could be written; tender reminiscences of her infancy and childhood blended with visions of Sobieski and the retreating Turks. She asked her father's chaplain to write a letter for her to the archduchess of Austria; then pausing suddenly as she was beginning to dictate it to him, she said with a sigh: "No; five feet of earth, and that is enough; that is enough for the greatest person in the world." After a few moments

of silence and sadness, she turned her eyes towards the window, as if to feast them once more on the serene sky. Suddenly her troubled and contracted features lay calm and serene as the heavens; her eyes were rivetted on one spot, and radiant with wonder and with blessedness; a heavenly smile played along her wasted lips as she reached forth her hands and exclaimed: "O holy Virgin of Cestocova! Yes; I am not deceived; it is she—it is their patroness . . . " and during the recitation of the prayers for the dying, she uttered the same words from time to time.*

It is by the title of the Holy Virgin of Cestocova that the Poles honour the mother of God with an especial honour. It was to her that Sobieski had addressed his vows before beginning his march for the relief of Vienna; and it was with these touching words on her

* Her confessor has preserved fragments of the prayers she most frequently uttered during her delirium. Some of them are:—*Deus, in adjutorium meum intende. Accipe, Jesu, spiritum meum. Quis me separabit à charitate Christi. Si consistant adversum me castra, non timebit cor meum. Vivo ego, jam non ego, vivit verò in me Christus. Trahe me post te, curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum. Amplius lava me ab iniquitate meâ. Monstra te esse matrem!*

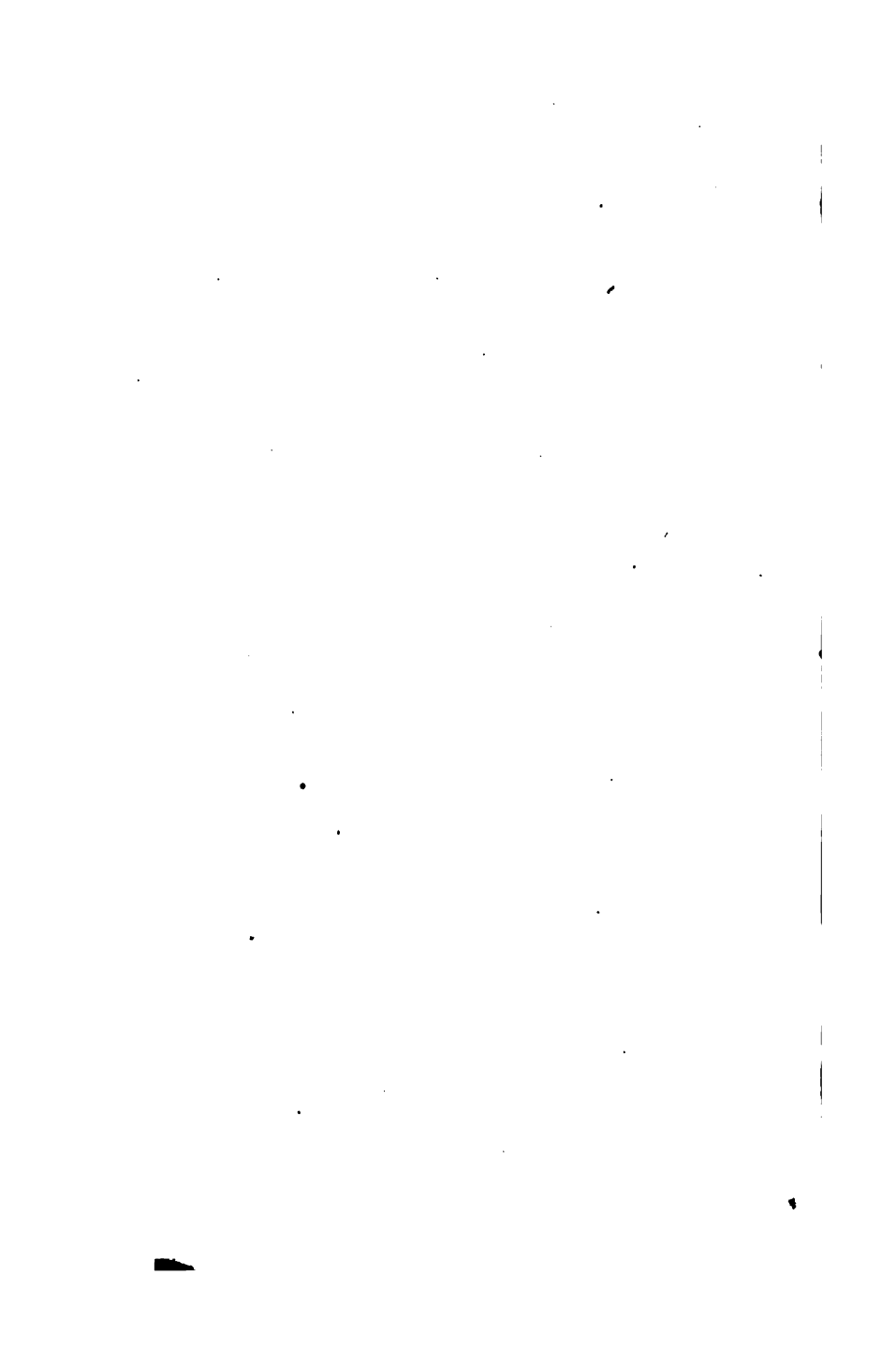
lips, and this noble thought in her heart, that Helena Cornaro breathed her last sigh.

Never had funeral attracted so great a concourse of people. During the three days which elapsed between her death and her burial, she had all the honours of popular canonization. Her clothes were torn into fragments, which were kept as precious relics; more than thirty thousand persons proclaimed her a saint. The shops were closed, all labour ceased, the mourning was spontaneous and universal. When the procession moved off towards the basilica of S. Justina, there was profound silence throughout that far-reaching crowd, and every eye was fixed in emotion on that countenance which death had not withered or soiled. On her brow were two wreaths, the one of laurel, the sign of her degree of doctor; the other of lilies, the memorial of her well-kept vow. On her bier were piled books written in all the languages and on all the sciences she had studied—as though her father had wished to follow the example of the primitive Christians, who placed on the tombs of the martyrs the instruments of their passion and their death.

MARCO ANTONIO BRAGADINO;

OR,

The Soldier Martyr.



MARCO ANTONIO BRAGADINO ;

OR, THE SOLDIER MARTYR.

If you consider the hardships of the life of a priest, it will seem to you a real warfare ; if you look at the sanctity of the ministry of the soldier, the career of arms will seem to you a true priesthood.—DONOSO CORTES.

WE find in the history of all great nations moments of patriotic or religious enthusiasm, which are the bright spots of their annals, and to which our eyes are turned with an ever-increasing interest and admiration. There have been some nations so privileged that, at the very crisis of their decay, they have manifested another kind of enthusiasm, far more rare and far more meritorious,—the enthusiastic effort towards regeneration. It is a glorious thing in the life of an individual man ; it is far more glorious in the statesman ; and

how glorious, then, when it animates a city or a nation to struggle heroically with corruption in all its manifold forms, and to attempt again the steep ascent, at the bidding of a few heroic chieftains.

This arduous task was twice endeavoured of old: first, in Magna Græcia, by the Pythagorean philosophers, who were exterminated by the people they would have reformed; and in Sparta, by Agis and Cleomenès, whose tragic history is narrated by Plutarch. And even could we place political agitators, such as the Gracchi, by the side of those great reformers: their attempt failed as signally, and proved as fatal to its authors.

The explanation of these failures is easy to the Christian philosopher, because the regeneration of a human soul can be accomplished only by a divine method of intervention, called *grace*. And how can we hope for the regeneration of a whole people, especially if it be true that intellectual and moral maladies are the more difficult to cure, the greater the measure of light which has been abused?

And this was precisely the case with Italy towards the middle of the sixteenth century.

The illustrious dynasties amongst which its sovereignty had been shared were almost all extinct or irretrievably degraded. Two powers alone remained standing, not perhaps in all their primitive majesty, but still with enough of real inner vitality to become, each in its proper sphere, the instruments of a temporary regeneration. These powers were the Republic of Venice and the Papacy.

The work to be done required workmen of every kind; above all it required heroes and saints, men of war and men of God—the former to vanquish the foe without; the latter to subjugate the foe within.

But it was necessary, moreover (and this condition was the most difficult to satisfy), that the saints themselves should be heroes, and the heroes be saints. Now, since the Crusades, this fusion of seemingly incompatible gifts had been most rare; and this is a fact more important than historians are wont to allow, or even to perceive.

We cannot assign an exact date for that movement of regeneration which we find clashing, like an opposing current, with the tendencies to decay. But there was one re-

markable crisis in the history of Italy during the sixteenth century which might have originated it hopefully. I mean in 1527, after the taking of Rome by the imperial troops, when a crowd of fugitives were sadly journeying towards the port of Ostia with the wreck of their fortunes, to seek a refuge in some distant land. The galley of Dominic Venieri, the Venetian ambassador, was there awaiting its master, and a few persons of distinction who were going to implore the protection of the republic. Amongst these were two men who had been kept apart by an instinctive repulsion, and who were destined ever to contend with each other in mortal combat. These men were the saintly bishop Caraffa and the infamous Peter Aretino. As they sailed up the Adriatic, it might have been said with exact truth that that Venetian galley bore on its deck the good and the evil genius of Italy.

In truth, these two champions toiled, each in his own way, with an ardour of which there are but few examples in the history of proselytism, whether for the salvation or for the perdition of souls. The conflict lasted nearly a quarter of a century; and so great was the

disparity of force at its commencement, that human conjectures were universally unfavourable to the true servants of God. By degrees Aretino became invested with an absolute jurisdiction, which admitted no appeal, in all matters of literature and taste; and so great was the infatuation, or the madness, of his contemporaries, that his obscene writings and depraved conduct received only the faintest and most distant censure from men of the world. The decisions of his tribunal struck terror into poets, historians, artists, statesmen, and even into crowned kings; for the heads which were adorned with crowns were then, as in the eighteenth century, the easiest to turn. They were now begging, in mutual rivalry, for the praises of a vulgar writer, who was never energetic but when he was licentious, and whose productions have fallen into most merited oblivion. By a kind of natural affinity, Henry VIII. of England and Cosmo di Medici were the most infatuated courtiers of this monarch of literature. They paid him tribute as his vassals; nor did the king of France escape more easily than the emperor of Austria. The last-named monarch carried his servility so

far as to seek Aretino's elevation to the cardinalate. And if we add his partisans amongst the effete dynasties of Italy; the patrons, more or less openly avowed, whom he numbered amongst the higher clergy; the accomplices he found in some unreformed religious orders, we shall gain some notion of his wonderful influence.

But his position was rendered impregnable by the seeming connivance of the Venetian government, which took no umbrage at the success with which their active guest laboured to subvert public morals, nor at the school of corruption he founded; although from that school there issued pupils worthy of their master, and works which it were infamy to name. Sometimes a senator would utter a word of indignation, or a preacher would sound the alarm from the pulpit; but neither preacher nor senator found any response in public opinion. The only fruit of their zeal was that they were branded as *Chietini*, or partisans of the bishop of Chieti, of that Caraffa who, for twenty years, bore so bravely, and defended so successfully, the standard of the Catholic faith. One must have read the controversial

literature of that troublous time to form an adequate notion of the courage necessary to brave the dominant opinions, and their supporters and advocates. Opponents were overwhelmed with calumnies and sarcasms, and a too conclusive argument was readily answered with the dagger. A professor of the university of Padua, who should venture to criticize a writing of Bembo, or of Aretino, would have forfeited for ever the confidence of his pupils, as well as of his colleagues, and would have been avoided with as much care as a leper. It was a maxim that a *Chietino* was a person beneath contempt. He was repelled in society, and excluded from all chance of professional success. Were a benefice vacant, or a see, woe to the candidate whose rival was a pupil of Aretino, or who might be suspected of sympathizing with the sect of the *Chietini*. They were branded as persons not to be trusted, as intolerant fanatics, enemies of the human race, and of the most innocent enjoyments of life.

Great need had they of the whole armour of God, of the triple breastplate of faith, hope, and charity, who engaged in this strife.

Against them were arrayed all the blindness and all the lusts of the flesh. Their adversary was daring and popular, and might well be called *legion*, since he wielded all the powers which human passions place in the hands of those who flatter and gratify them.

This heroic conflict with the genius of evil, was rather a series of skirmishes and sieges, than of regular and decisive battles. The church was more than ever militant. The religious orders were piqued and stimulated by the appearance of four new bodies;* and of these, two were founded by soldiers, for the time had come when the soldier was as needful as the priest for the great deeds that were to be done for the glory of God and the weal of Christendom.

So numerous were the evils to be overcome, that it was impossible to assail them all at the same moment. But there was one which demanded a prompt and energetic remedy—the general laxity and worldliness of the clergy. Before undertaking the regeneration of the nations, it was needful to regenerate the

* The Theatines, the Somaschini, the Jesuits, and the Oratorians.

instruments themselves of that regeneration. Every one knows the wonders that were wrought in this respect by John Peter Caraffa and S. Philip Neri, with the orders they founded. Nor need we do more than allude to the blessed innovations which S. Charles Borromeo introduced into the education of the clergy; innovations which were immediately adopted from one end of Italy to the other, and even beyond the Alps.

The reformation of general education was a far more difficult task. In Tuscany it was well nigh impossible, for the grim and craven tyranny of the Medici allowed only those branches of human knowledge to be studied which they deemed inoffensive. In the Venetian states the ashes of the sacred fire were still smouldering. At Padua, which was the intellectual capital, sound and healthful traditions lingered still in some noble minds, notwithstanding the war waged by Aretino and his partisans against idealism in all its forms. What was wanted was that the rising generation should be sheltered from the baneful influences which the neglect or complicity of the secular power had allowed to prevail, and to restore to their

due honour the lofty ideas and the noble writers which it was the unceasing effort of the dominant party to depreciate and calumniate. It must be encouraged to trust to its intuitive perceptions, rather than to the oracular utterances of Bembo, who professed the most superb disdain for the poetry of Dante. Subordinate critics, accustomed to prostrate themselves before the literary potentate, did not dare to avow any other opinion than his, and there were scarcely any limits or exceptions to this abject servility.

The poetry and romances of chivalry shared the same fate as Dante, and were preserved from oblivion only by the parodies and sarcasms of the new school. Boiardo's unfinished epic found but few readers, whereas Ariosto's licentious poem was read with almost universal delight.* Hence Bernardo Tasso, the author of *Amadis*, threatens his corrupted and per-

* Bernardo Tasso says that everywhere he heard old and young, learned and unlearned, boys and girls, reciting or singing stanzas of the *Orlando Furioso* :—

“ Non è dotto, ne artigiano, non è fanciullo, fanciulla, nè vecchio, che d' averlo letto più d'una volta si contenti . . . lo cantaron viandante per le strade, i naviganti sui legni, le virginelle per le lor camere.”—*Lettere*, ii. 414.

verted age with all kinds of chastisements, and he even declares that the bark of S. Peter would be unable to avoid shipwreck amidst tempests so furious and so repeated. But he lived at Naples when he wrote this doleful prophecy, and so either knew not or had forgotten what was doing in Venice.

What was there being done is of higher interest than most of those events we call historical, but it does not admit of an exposition so clear and consecutive, because the connection between cause and effect is not so evident at first sight. And yet, that re-action which had been slowly gathering strength in men's minds, until it burst forth in Venice about this time, is one of the most instructive scenes in modern history; for it did not simply restrain within less ample limits the stream of pollution, but aimed at purifying its waters in their spring, and rendering them both clear and vivifying.

This cleansing process was carried on with equal ability and patriotism, especially in the department of public education; and what is stranger still, the nobles contributed to its success far more than the clergy themselves. They

aided this noble effort, not merely by encouragement and patronage, but by their own personal toil, and by communicating to the rising generation the result of their meditations and experience. Ever since the fifteenth century, Venice had been accustomed to see her statesmen and her generals become professors of eloquence or philosophy at the expiration of their period of office; but from the moment when it was felt that education must be regenerated and purified, her nobles displayed an unwonted emulation in helping forward a cause so important.

They did this with comparatively little difficulty, because, warlike as they were, every soldier was at the same time an accomplished man of letters. Their knowledge of ancient literature availed to keep alive the embers of that fire which had glowed in the hearts of the heroes and poets of the ages of faith. By degrees the re-action restored the literature of the middle ages to its true place in public esteem. Boiardo was not only read with admiration, but continued by a writer whose enthusiasm was far greater than his genius. Dante was longer in regaining his due glory. He

conducts his readers through regions of thought far too lofty, and the systematic contempt with which he had been so long treated could not be counteracted in one generation. The printers of Florence could not venture to issue the "*Divina Commedia*" by reason of certain well-known passages of far too easy and obvious application. Dante was thus, as it were, exiled a second time by his country, or rather by the tyrant who oppressed it. And it was the glory of Venice that she afforded him a resting-place, by nurturing a race of earnest and discriminating admirers of the great Florentine, and by multiplying editions of his works with a rapidity as honourable to the republic as to the poet. In this labour of love they were effectually aided by many Florentine refugees, who in this and other ways repaid the hospitality accorded to them.

And we may remark here, that the literary history of Italy offers few characters more noble than those of these numerous exiles. They not only set their guests examples of purest virtue, but by their writings they taught them to value and to cherish those which were languishing, and incited them to strive towards

those which were still lacking to them. Never has Livy found translator more able than Nardi, in spite of his condemnation by the servile Academy della Crusca;* and the homage paid by Donato Giannotti to the virtues of Jerome Savorgnano did more to infuse into the Venetian youth noble sentiments and feelings than all the lives Plutarch has written.

But all these reforms in education, and all this re-action for good would have had but a partial success had there not arisen a race of teachers of another kind, who should inculcate on a forgetful generation the lessons of self-sacrifice and self-devotion. We have said above that two of the four recent orders had soldiers for their founders. Every one knows the history of the founder of the company of Jesus, but few have heard the name of the hero who founded the order of Somascha in Lombardy, and the memory of Jerome Miani† has scarcely passed beyond the country which has been for

* It was quoted *once* in the first edition of the celebrated Dictionary "Della Crusca," under the word *pronunziare*. This was deemed too great an honour, and the citation disappeared from the second edition.

† S. Jerome Æmiliani. He is commemorated on the 20th July.

three centuries reaping the benefits of his foundation.

And yet there is something singularly attractive, and even stately, in the image of the brave and impetuous soldier, who, after having passed his youth in the field, without practising any Christian virtue but charity, was taken prisoner in his thirtieth year, was led to remember in his solitude the sins of his life past, and to consecrate the remainder of his years to the service of the poor and the orphan. And never was this holy work undertaken and carried on with more tenderness and perseverance. When he was charged, in 1531, with the care of the Hospital of Incurables, his heart overflowed with joy at finding amongst his fellow-labourers several members of distinguished families, of whom some who had passed, like himself, from the service of their country in the field to that of the poor of Christ. There was not one who might not have told of the Doges his family had given to the republic; one was the son of the reigning Doge.* This band of nobles, conse-

* Almost all the great families were represented in this brotherhood: the Grimani, the Contarini, the Giustiani, the Quirini, the Malipieri, and others.

crated in humility to the relief of suffering and of misery, was a far more glorious inauguration of an era of regeneration than mere scientific or literary reforms. It was, as it were, another arsenal of the Republic, in which were fashioned and tempered weapons, invisible indeed, but all-powerful, against the internal and external foes of Christendom. To those who believe in the might of prayer and self-sacrifice, no league could seem so powerful as that formed by these elect souls, so skilful in moving men's hearts, and in eliciting their deepest and most generous feelings. Nor should we forget that, amongst the friends of S. Jerome Miani,* were John Peter Caraffa and S. Cajetan of Thienna, his guides and supporters in his undertakings, or that he enjoyed the singular felicity of being assisted in the care of the sufferers in this hospital by S. Ignatius and S. Francis Xavier during their sojourn in Venice.

This year, 1527, was rendered as memorable in the civil as in the religious annals of the

* S. Jerome Miani died in 1537, in his 56th year. His portrait, painted by Titian, has disappeared. He possessed a small painting, by Raphael, of "The Agony in the Garden," to which he had a particular devotion.

Republic, by some misunderstandings with the Ottoman power, which were near ending in a serious war, after a peace of thirty years' duration. Debates worthy of ancient Rome took place in the Senate, and Marc Antony Cornaro especially distinguished himself by an elevation of aim, a nobleness and pride of language, worthy of the greatest orators of antiquity. He urged his fellow-citizens to assume towards the Turks the same attitude that Demosthenes had made the Athenians assume towards Philip; and as the future was, in both cases, pregnant with possibilities of danger to liberty, the Venetian statesman spoke in a tone which reminded his hearers of the great Grecian, and moved the most sluggish to enthusiasm and to action. This emotion was communicated, with ever-accumulating force, to the youthful nobles, on whom the reform in education was beginning to take effect; and they were galled and irritated by the restraints imposed on their ardour by the prudence of their elders. This misunderstanding between the new generation and the old had serious consequences. In the fleet it led many youthful captains to acts of heroic insubordination, intended to widen the

breach between the Republic and the Sultan. Many Turkish vessels were captured and sunk, under the pretext that they were not recognized as Turkish. But the wiser men, who had been for ten years watching the intricate policy of Charles V., thought they could trace in his crafty diplomacy the workings of an ambition without assignable limits, and their fears were so well founded that they prevailed in opposition to the impetuous enthusiasm of the new generation.*

There was no resource but patience, and that patience was tested by almost twenty-five years of expectation. It might have been feared that so prolonged a peace, and the enervating tendency of wealth and luxury, would have relaxed the energy of the national character, and enfeebled the national intellect; but the fear was without foundation. Venice waxed stronger in repose, as though her sons had some presentiment of the great blow they would be called to strike. The work of social regenera-

* There was, indeed, a war which lasted three years (1537-1540); but it was conducted without vigour, and ended by a shameful compromise.

tion went forward calmly and irresistibly to the end. The licence of the press was restrained within due limits, and a return to ancient customs was attempted by the enactment of sumptuary laws. These measures touched the surface of society alone ; the inner discipline of the leading families penetrated to its depth, and their example was daily followed by new imitators. The change that took place in Venice may be estimated by one fact alone,—the numerous editions of Thomas à Kempis, of Louis of Granada, and many other spiritual and ascetic writings, which were printed by the celebrated Gabriel Giolito from 1556 to 1570. This Giolito was himself one of the most effective agents of the regenerating movement. He combined consummate skill and taste in his craft with fervent piety, and he raised his printing-press to the rank of an active *propaganda* in the interest of religion as well as of literature. His house was quite a sanctuary ; his wife and daughters were noted for their virtue as well as for their beauty, and their religious exercises were as orderly and regular as though they lived in a cloister. No family

in Venice set so edifying an example, or aided the triumph of good and truth in so many ways.*

But the most encouraging sign of progress was the change which gradually came over the families of the nobility, and the ascendancy obtained in public matters by those whose influence was due to their virtue and holiness not less than to their birth and exploits.

At this time, about the middle of the sixteenth century, began that series of doges, whose portraits, kneeling before the Crucifix or the Madonna, so nobly adorn the upper rooms of the ducal palace. Each succeeding election bore clearest witness to the progress of men's minds in the right direction, and to the humility as well as to the services of the candidates for that supreme honour. Notwithstanding the complicated system of vote by ballot, which had been adopted in order to prevent or to neutralize intrigues, there was an ever-increasing number of votes in favour of those

* The mother, Lucrezia Bini, had the *De Imitatione* translated by F. Remi for the use of her daughters. The eldest of these, and the most beautiful, took the veil in the convent of S. Martha, in 1570.

families which had been most prolific of heroes and of saints. And how admirable were the selections made during that half-century ! At the head of the reactionary doges was Peter Lando, the Venetian Brutus, who, when he was magistrate of Padua, had condemned his own son to be beheaded for having publicly insulted a young and noble girl, of whom he was enamoured. But the most striking distinction of this heroic and severe race from all others, is the number of monks, and priests, and bishops it has produced ; and of those, the greater number were widowers when they embraced the ecclesiastical state, and had been long employed in civil or military commands.

The election of Marc Antony Trevisan (1553), was decided by considerations of the same kind. The inscription on his tomb in the church of *San Francesco della Vigna*, states that he was elevated to the ducal dignity in spite of himself ; and, certainly, never had that coveted dignity been conferred on citizen more truly humble. Our readers will remember one of his titles to the veneration of his contemporaries—the charity he displayed towards one of the companions of S. Ignatius, whom he

found one evening quite exhausted on the pavement of the great place of S. Mark's; how he raised him from the ground, and carried him on his own shoulders into the noble palace constructed by his grandfather, adjoining that of the doges. All the members of this family were remarkable for ascetic virtue. About this same time, we find one of them, a pious and learned Dominican, employed at the council of Trent; and another in the company of Jesus. Marc Antony Trevisan himself lived amidst the splendours of the ducal palace as in a monastery, shortening his days by his unremitting austerities, praying and fasting like one who believed that penitence and prayer were not useless, even in the government of empires.

Amongst his most immediate successors we find two brothers, Lorenzo and Geronimo Priuli, who were animated by the same spirit of self-sacrifice and devotedness—that noblest patrimony of these great Christian families. The election of Lorenzo Priuli took place at a time when his country was afflicted with a twofold scourge—pestilence and famine. The very day of his inauguration, he appeared in the pulpit of S. Mark's, and delivered an address by way

of encouraging those present to resignation. We may judge of its tone and effect by the utterance of faith and trust with which he began :—“*Etiam si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es.*”*

We cannot wonder that Pope Pius IV., who was the contemporary of this magnificent succession of doges, should have applied to those who elected them the celebrated words spoken by Pyrrhus of the senate of Rome—that the Venetian senators were an assemblage of kings.†

And yet we have not spoken of the scenes produced during the scrutiny by the invincible modesty of the candidates. There were some who preferred the humble dress of a monk to the purple mantle of doge, and the joys of a life of contemplation to those of glory and of patriotism. Among those we must mention John Baptist Quirini, the descendant of a family renowned alike in arms, in letters, and in the Church, but renowned above all for the deep and gentle piety perpetuated in it by a blessed tradition, and which seemed to have

* Ps. xxii. 4. Fasti Ducales, p. 210.

† Dicebat, singulos senatores Venetos singulos esse reges.

gained in depth and in strength during the sixteenth century. It would not be easy to find in the annals of noble races a purer and more attractive figure than that of Vincent Quirini, the hermit of the desert of the Camalduli, the bosom friend of Jerome Savorgnan when he was at the summit of his fame.*

Nor, in spite of the irremediable decay of taste, were the literary efforts of the nobles of Venice unworthy of their deeds. We cannot understand the silence in which historians of Italian literature pass over a school of poetry so varied, so original, and so vigorous—those songs, especially, of patriotic impatience suggested by the growing insolence of the Ottoman power. And all these poets were of noble birth; all were affected, more or less, by the religious reaction, notwithstanding their unanimous veneration for the memory and the genius of Bembo. Yet no critic of taste and feeling will say that any of the famous cardinal's

* In a sonnet addressed by Diomed Borghesi to Dominico Venieri, are these striking lines:—

Venezia, in cui depresso
E ciascun vizio, e dove è sol concesso
Alla somma virtù purpureo manto.

sonnets can bear comparison with the odes of Molini. Long years had passed since Italy had heard accents so pure and so elevated as these. And longer years still since she had beheld, beyond the enclosure of a monastery, such a group of choice and noble spirits, united in such close and holy friendship, as well as by their common aspirations towards a better and more glorious future. There was Dominico Venieri, the same who had conveyed Caraffa and Aretino to Venice in his galley, and who was so purified and exalted by suffering that Paul Manutius asked him for his spiritual sonnets to console him in his afflictions. There was Federigo Badoer, the most accomplished of the youthful nobles of his time, who toiled unremittingly and with the ardour of a missionary for the regeneration of his fellow-citizens. There were Nicolo Dolfin and Bernardo Capello and Bernardo Tasso, the intimate friend of Molini and Badoer, who offered to print his great poem, the *Amadis*, at the press of the Academy of Venice, which they had recently founded.

And this foundation was, both in its spirit and in its aims, a great event, and followed

soon after another event still more important—the terribly sudden death of Peter Aretino. By a change of opinion, which is the best eulogy of the leaders of the reaction, this man, who, preacher as he was, was stained with every kind of vice, fell by degrees into such discredit at Venice that no one has thought it worth while to transmit to us either the date of his death or the spot in which he was buried. It is only from a document recently discovered, that we learn that he died October 24th, 1556, of apoplexy, without occasioning either sorrow or regret to any good man.* It is the only instance in history of an intellectual dictatorship wrested during his lifetime from the hands of him who wielded it; and this is, certainly, not among the least of the exploits of the republic of Venice.

Before this teacher of vice, who called himself the scourge of princes, but who might have been more appropriately called the scourge and plague of men's minds and hearts, left the

* Il mortal Pietro Aretino, a hore tre di notte, fu portato all' altra vita da una canonnata d' apoplessia, senza aver lasciato desiderio nè dolor a nessuno uomo da bene.—GAYE, *Carteggio d'Artisti*, ii. 337.

world he was destined to behold the ruin of his infernal work. He found himself left alone in Venice itself, which was the capital of his empire; and from his many correspondents he learned the slow and sure progress made by those *Chietini* whom he had been assailing all his life long with sarcasm and insult. And to make his defeat more signal, two years before his death he saw the head and chief of his opponents, John Peter Caraffa, raised to the throne of S. Peter, under the name of Paul IV. It must have been the bitterest anguish of his life. It is true that he still retained the fidelity of many courts both in Italy and beyond the Alps, but the flatteries of his patrons could not conceal from him the fact that his empire was departing from him, and that other maxims were gathering strength in the realm of thought and of taste.

That religious and heroic enthusiasm which he had incessantly disparaged and assailed broke forth in all directions and in every form. The four new orders toiled with signal success at their great task. The disciples of S. Philip Neri and of Caraffa gave to men's hearts new and nobler aspirations, while those of S.

Ignatius and of S. Jerome Miani, true to the military character of their founders, preached a crusade against sin as well as conversion from it. Everywhere grave and decisive changes were looked for, and in the Venetian states and the mountains of Umbria men were eager and impatient for the strife. Thence were heard the loudest cries for vengeance upon the arrogant Turks. The design of Pius II., which had been frustrated by his death and the quarrels of Europe, was about to be renewed under the auspices of Pius V., by a generation far richer in the elements and conditions of success, since it possessed a larger number of heroes and saints than had been granted to the three generations which had preceded it.

The new crusade received its consummating glory at the hands of history, art, and poetry. The historian was Paul Paruta, a Venetian nobleman and a finished statesman, whose renown is far below his merit. He left, besides his historical works, some political writings, full of enlarged and wise views of men and things, concluding with a soliloquy worthy of S. Augustine. The artist was Paul Veronese

who had the courage to cast aside the sensuous traditions of Titian, and to disdain the patronage of Aretino. The poet was the young Torquato Tasso, who came to Venice in 1562, when the popular excitement was at its height, to consult his patron, Dominico Venieri, about his great poem, which was already popular, because it sang the hallowed arms and the great captain who had rescued from the infidel the sepulchre of Christ.

Canto l'armi pietose e'l capitano,
Che 'l gran sepolcro liberò di Cristo.

The number of the heroes who figured in this war is too great to admit of detailed mention ; we will content ourselves with tracing the character and exploits of him amongst them, who may most fitly be styled *a martyr*.

Since the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Venice had been compelled to abandon most of its possessions in the Archipelago ; but the two most important, Cyprus and Candia, still owned her sway. The former of these was so near Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, that the sultans naturally coveted it

when they had added these three provinces to their empire. Its harbours sheltered pirates, who ravaged the coasts and the commerce of the Turks, and their pride was still further hurt by their being compelled to pass within the range of these Christian fortresses when their ships were conveying pilgrims to Mecca. Selim II., who had just succeeded Soliman (1566), had long formed a resolution to signalize his reign by the conquest of Cyprus. He expended enormous sums on his fleet, and when his preparations were completed, he sent to summon the Venetians to evacuate the island, unless they wished to wage with him a war of extermination.

He could not have chosen a better time for this imperious summons. A truce of eight years concluded with the emperor of Germany relieved him from all fears for his western frontier. France was his ally; the wars of religion were disturbing the greater part of the states of Europe; and Philip II. was too much in dread of Protestantism to heed the insults of Mahometanism. Notwithstanding these disadvantageous circumstances, the senate of Venice answered the message, or rather the defiance,

of the Porte with more than Roman pride, though they could not close their eyes to the perils and sufferings that answer would entail on them.

The signal for war was given. A few weeks afterwards the Turkish fleet, composed of a hundred and fifty galleys and a large number of transports, landed on the most southern point of Cyprus an army which some historians estimate at eighty thousand men. It was commanded by Mustapha-pasha, and provided with eighty pieces of artillery, some of which were of extraordinary calibre.

To oppose this enormous force, there were in the island about five or six hundred horse, a few local militia, and three thousand foot soldiers recently sent from Venice, of whom one thousand were disabled by the scurvy. In spite of this frightful disproportion of strength it was resolved to defend the island to the last extremity, and to limit the defence to Nicosia and Famagosta, the only two fortified towns it possessed.

Nicosia, with its little garrison of fifteen hundred Italians and a population of a few thousands, made a desperate resistance. The

commanders of the artillery and of the militia were killed in the breach; a succession of vigorous sorties threw the Turkish camp into disorder, and three consecutive assaults were energetically repulsed. At length the outposts, lessened in numbers and exhausted by fatigues, were surprised in a night attack; there was a capitulation which was broken on the spot, and twenty thousand inhabitants were put to the sword. The conqueror imagined that tidings of so terrible a fate would strike a panic into the garrison of Famagosta. He sent thither the head of the governor of Nicosia, with a letter in which he threatened the people of Famagosta with a similar tragedy if they resisted the will of the sultan. The answer returned was just what it should have been, brief and firm, neither bitter nor boastful, just what becomed a Christian man in the service of a great republic. This true servant of Christ and of his country was called Marc Antony Bragadino. He was forty-six years old, and this was his first introduction to war; yet his patriotism and his fervent piety more than compensated his want of experience.

His family was not of the highest class,

although it was ancient enough to have furnished a goodly contingent of warriors to the first crusades. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, two of its members, Marc and Antony, were put to death in Turkey, after long endurance of bitter slavery. It was in memory of these sufferers that our hero was named. It was an added vow and obligation to those of his baptism, and a motive the more for his desire to make war upon the enemies of Christ.

The brief war of 1538 found him still a youth. He had to wait thirty years for the opportunity he desired; but these years of expectation were employed in the careful cultivation of his mind and heart; nor were they less beneficial to his patriotism. He had time to ponder the traditions bequeathed to his house by his grandfather, the patron and teacher of the celebrated Battista Egnazio. This Egnazio was one of the most respected professors of Venice,—the most learned, eloquent, and independent. He was one of the few who ventured to criticize the writings of Bembo and one of the ablest leaders of the reaction. For nearly twenty years Bragadino

had listened to his teaching, and had learned the meaning of duty and self-sacrifice. He had tempered and chastened his native self-reliance and firmness by religion as well as by incessant study. Of his eloquence, it is said that it flowed like molten lava from his heart and transformed his hearers into heroes. And the times needed much transformation.

Two months before the fall of Nicosia, when the landing of the Turks had struck terror into every heart, Bragadino had ordered an altar to be raised in the great place of Famagosta, and requested the inhabitants of the town to unite with the garrison in a solemn celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The apprehension of a danger, vast and undefined, deepened the solemnity of the ceremony and the emotion of the worshippers. At the moment of communion, the garrison advanced, preceded by their commander and clothed like him in complete armour, and knelt humbly to receive that *Bread of the Strong*. After a short address from the good Bishop Regazzoni, Bragadino stood up, and took a solemn oath to endure the utmost extremity of suffering, and even death itself, in defence of Christendom and of the

republic, and for the protection of the noble-hearted people around him. "I swear it," he exclaimed, with a voice which made every heart throb with excitement, "I swear it by the most Holy Trinity, by the four Evangelists, by that holy cross of Christ which you see on my banner, by that Holy Sacrament which we have but now received together; I swear it in the name of my brethren in arms, of those you see before you now, of those whose voices you hear faintly in the distance; swear you with us, brave citizens of Salamina, to shed your hearts' blood, if need be, not only for God and your country, but for your parents, your wives, and your children, threatened by a foe who would destroy your substance, your honour, and your faith."

The speaker's voice was lost in one universal and enthusiastic shout. Men, women, and children uplifted their right hands to heaven and repeated the solemn oath. We shall now see how this engagement was kept.

On the 19th of September, the Turkish army appeared before the town, and their fleet, laden with the spoils of Nicosia, paraded its numbers in the harbour. But tidings soon

reached Mustapha-pasha that two hundred vessels of war, bearing the standard of the cross, had reached Candia on their way to the rescue of Cyprus. He was thus compelled to pause, and divide his attention between the town and the advancing enemy.

Although Spain had furnished only a small contingent of ships and of troops, Philip II. had insisted that the command of the expedition should be given to John Andrew Doria. It was an unfortunate choice. A Genoese could hardly be expected to co-operate cordially with Venetians, and without such co-operation decisive successes were impossible. His movements were slow and reluctant; he did not leave port until the murmurs of his troops threatened to ripen into mutiny. When they had captured a Turkish vessel laden with Christian prisoners from Nicosia, instead of kindling at the recital of their wrongs, and burning to avenge their murdered brethren, Doria announced that his mission was accomplished, and drew off his Spanish galleys to Sicily. The Venetian fleet, dispirited by this defection, did not venture to attack the Turks. Mustapha soon resolved on assuming the

offensive, and but for a succession of storms, which dispersed both fleets, it is probable that the issue of the campaign would have been decided by a great naval engagement.

The defenders of Famagosta soon learned that they were abandoned to themselves. The garrison was reduced to a few thousands; a large proportion of their provisions and ammunition was expended; their treasury was empty, and their resources exhausted. There was but one resource—an appeal to the mother country; and to render their appeal more solemn, the Bishop Regazzoni was sent to implore for his flock the compassion and the assistance of the senate. His recital and the letters of which he was the bearer produced an impression which no words can adequately describe. It was resolved at once to equip a fleet of twelve galleys, and the command was entrusted to Marc Antony Quirini, who soon showed that his family was as prolific of heroes as of saints. The impetuosity of his attacks and the skill of his manœuvres gave him a succession of victories over the Turks, and he was soon able to enter Famagosta with a convoy of food and ammunition. He was

received with open arms by the inhabitants, and his arrival added 2,400 fresh combatants to the garrison.

The besiegers knew nothing of this reinforcement, and when they saw Quirini set sail with his galleys and transports, they fancied that he was removing the garrison of Famagosta to Candia or elsewhere. Availing himself of this false impression, Bragadino gave orders that not a single soldier should show himself on the ramparts, and that the inhabitants should remain quietly in their houses, in order that the town might appear deserted. The advanced posts of the Turks were so completely deceived by the silence, that they ran to tell Mustapha that the town was evacuated; but when he approached to take possession of it, Bragadino gave the signal; drums, clarions, and trumpets resounded on all sides; the cavalry charged the enemy furiously, and the space which separated the town from the infidel camp was soon covered with the dead and the dying.

The joy occasioned by this victory was brief and deceitful. The general examined his store of provisions, and the result was so unsatisfactory, that he resolved on ridding himself of

every useless person before the Turkish fleet returned from its winter quarters at Constantinople. There were heart-rending scenes in the streets and in the harbour, for to many this was a last farewell. Five thousand old men, women, and children, embarked on a sea infested by pirates, more to be dreaded than the storms or winter.

In the evening of the 28th of March, those on the ramparts could make out eighty Turkish galleys in full sail towards Cyprus. Part of these were destined to blockade the harbour, and part to convey from Asia Minor and from Syria the reinforcements and *matériel* necessary for the siege. Including soldiers, workmen, mercenaries, and hangers on, 250,000 men landed on the coast of Cyprus during the first fortnight of April; and the Turks had at that time the reputation of being superior to the Europeans in siege operations, whether of attack or of defence.

Notwithstanding this overwhelming disparity of force, one man resolved on opposing a handful of Christian soldiers to this gigantic host. It is a resolve which suggests at least, if it does not surpass Thermopylæ.

The piety, the foresight, and the intrepidity of this Christian Leonidas furnish but a partial explanation of the prodigies he accomplished himself, and of those accomplished under his direction. There was, moreover, a spirit of unreserved and ungrudging self-sacrifice; the heart of a father, tender in its feelings, however calm and austere in their expression; a loftiness and steadiness of vision sustained by the grandeur of his mission; a something mysterious and serene which imparted to his command the gentleness and the weight of a priesthood. His personal endowments and virtues had far greater influence than his warlike qualifications.

It would be unjust to omit mention of the energetic and ready support which Bragadino received from the noble band around him. The Holy Land of Umbria had given him a lieutenant as skilful as he was devoted—Astorre Baglioni of Perugia. He was a descendant of a family not less intelligent than noble, to whose discriminating patronage the Umbrian school of painters owes so much. Lombardy had sent him three heroic sons of the unconquerable race of the Martinenghi of Brescia, whose names have been written for ages in the

golden book of the republic for valour, science, and piety.* The most important office was assigned to Louis Martinengo, who inspired the Turks with such terror by the skill with which he wielded the Venetian artillery, and whose end was so tragic. And under these were many nobles animated by the same spirit, and worthy to have been employed in this memorable siege.

The Turks opened their trenches in April. Their works extended three miles in length, and the number of workmen at their disposal enabled them to dig trenches so deep that a man on horseback could ride in them without allowing more than the point of his lance to be seen. Behind the trenches Mustapha had constructed

* The history of this family is so extraordinary as to read like romance. The exploits of its members during the Venetian wars of the sixteenth century, are almost incredible. The most illustrious of them all was Geronimo Martinengo, who died on his voyage to fight the Turks. Five or six warriors of this name were distinguished in the wars of Flanders. We find three historians, one poet of great merit, a bishop of Forcello who died in the odour of sanctity, and a Jesuit who died at Bologna in 1630 while devoting himself to the care of those stricken with the plague. And all these within some eighty or ninety years. See Rio's *Art Chrétien*, chap. 8.

ten batteries, on which he placed the most formidable artillery which had been ever employed up to that time.

To these engines of destruction Bragadino had nothing to oppose but unfinished fortifications and dismantled batteries. The disproportion of strength was almost ludicrous; but his artillery was excellent and well-handled, and his means of resistance were multiplied tenfold by the religious and patriotic enthusiasm with which he had inspired all under his command. Such was the ardour of his officers, that they pitched their tents behind the ramparts, and would allow themselves no more quiet or secure lodging.

On the 16th of May, 1571, before the dawn, the Turkish batteries opened a converging fire upon the town. The uproar was terrific, and before noon they had wrought such ruin in the town that the inhabitants were obliged to shelter themselves behind the tottering ramparts. Still, in spite of many attempts, the Turks could not scale them, and this first assault was repulsed on every point.

Then commenced a scientific strife of mining and countermining, with its episodes of horror

and of glory. One of these mines exploded, on the 22nd of May, beneath the contending forces. The conflict went on hand to hand amidst fire and blood and crumbling ruins. The Turks fell by thousands and the Venetians by hundreds, a proportion attested by one of the combatants, who, after witnessing the exploits of this memorable day, submitted to the religion of that God in whose name they had been achieved.

The joy occasioned by this second victory was increased by intelligence from Candia that the succour so long and so impatiently expected was at hand. The captain of the vessel which brought this good news was led in procession through the streets, and hailed by all as a messenger of deliverance; but days and weeks passed away, and still the weary sentinel gazed in vain upon the horizon. And then, towers were rising rapidly on all sides which commanded the town, and the scornful foe shouted to them that the fleet was afraid to venture forth from Candia and that they could hope for no succours; and arrows were shot down, with letters offering an honourable capitulation, and proposing conferences between the hostile com-

manders. To all these Bragadino made no reply. Mustapha, irritated by this disdainful silence, resolved on a general assault, far more terrible than the preceding ones. Early on the 19th of June the plain in front of their camp swarmed with eager enemies intently looking for the signal to advance. Suddenly several mines exploded at once, the artillery kept up a constant thundering, wild shouts arose from the cloud of mingled dust and smoke; but nothing could appal the heart of Bragadino, or disconcert the defence he had concerted with the indefatigable Martinengo. This latter poured a plunging fire amidst the masses of the enemy heaped up in the moat; the impetuous Baglioni raged like a lion in the breaches, while Bragadino seemed to be present everywhere. The Turks were stung with shame at being stopped thus by such a handful of enemies, and their shame inspired them with additional courage and fury. Five hours this tremendous assault lasted; six several times they returned to the charge, and six several times they were driven back with great slaughter. Both sides were completely exhausted, and rested for a week, if we can give

the name of rest to the anticipation of a day yet wilder and more bloody.

The Ottoman general returned to his camp defeated, and chafing like a wounded lion. He had boastfully said, when the siege began, that he could fill up the moat with the sandals of his soldiers. That moat was filled with their dead bodies, and he had not gained possession of a single foot of the walls. He burned with impatience to wash out his defeat in a torrent of blood, and the barbarians under his command thirsted as eagerly for vengeance and for carnage.

The Christians had employed the brief time in doing all that they could do with so few hands. Battle and sickness had thinned their ranks, and the decay of physical strength had admitted some degree of discouragement into the garrison. Bragadino observed this; he redoubled his care, his vigilance, and his activity; he visited and cheered the wounded and the sick; he roused and encouraged the inhabitants and the soldiers by speaking to them of God and of their country, and of the succours which could not long be delayed. "One last effort," said he, "and your deliver-

ance is certain. But every inhabitant, without distinction of age or sex, must stand in the breach either to fight or to carry the materials necessary for the defence." He threw up intrenchments behind the battered walls—a last bulwark, behind which the last survivors were to defend themselves to the last extremity.

On the 28th of June, a furious cannonade and an unusual tumult announced another assault. To ensure success the Turks had skilfully contrived to distract the besieged by every kind of feint. Their cavalry scoured the plain, their galleys were drawn closer to the town and brought to bear upon the walls. When Mustapha thought the work of destruction sufficiently advanced, he gave the signal, and his hordes rushed headlong to the assault with a roar like that of famished beasts of prey. But there stood Louis Martinengo, with his artillery well mounted, well served, and so well pointed, that at each discharge whole files of Turks rolled lifeless into the moat. In the breach which the cannonade had widened stood the intrepid Baglioni, performing, with his handful of soldiers, exploits which seemed altogether miraculous. There was one memorable

moment when every eye was bent on him ; it was when he rushed like a lion upon a Turk who was displaying in bravado or in derision a Christian banner taken at Nicosia. In a moment he had slain the miscreant and regained his post, covered with blood and with dust, but with the reconquered banner in his hand. On that day women and timid girls shared the general excitement, and were seen everywhere carrying arrows and stores, and sometimes discharging them upon the assailants. The assault lasted seven hours without intermission. During these hours of suspense, the bishop was seen on the ramparts, surrounded by his clergy, pointing to the crucifix in his hand, reminding the combatants of the holiness of the cause in which they were pouring out their blood, and of the outrages and insults which awaited the holy sign of their redemption if victory remained with the infidel. These exhortations, addressed to Christian soldiers already endowed with almost superhuman courage, raised them above themselves and excited them to perform, in spite of physical exhaustion, feats which seem to pertain to the order of miracles.

That day was the most glorious of all, but a sadness, allied to despair, prevented the population of Famagosta from celebrating it aright. They were suffering the pangs of hunger. Already they had been compelled to eat the flesh of horses and asses and dogs; a small fowl required for a sick person had been sold for four crowns of gold. They were obliged to suppress the daily ration of vinegar, which was so necessary to qualify the unhealthy water of the country, and which, in the heat of the dog-days, was as much prized as bread itself. Moreover, they had purchased their victory at a fearful cost. It was true they had slain more than tenfold the number they had lost; but as they had no hope of reinforcement, every victory was but a step the more towards the last bitter necessity of all. These mournful convictions grew stronger day by day. The heroes who rallied around Bragadino were fewer and fewer, while the wounded and the sick were more and more numerous. These began to say to one another that there was a limit to all human efforts, and that a capitulation, however faithlessly observed, would be less horrible than a resistance which could result

only in the extermination of the garrison and the population of the town.

Yet none would venture to propose the alternative of surrender to the heroic Bragadino. At last it was resolved to write a letter of entreaty, which the bishop undertook to deliver. It ran thus:—

“ILLUSTRIOUS LORD,—

“ You see that all is lost. No succours reach us, the greater part of the garrison is dead, five hundred yards of the walls are demolished, a waggon might be driven through many of the breaches. The enemy has raised a mountain of earth-works which command our batteries. We have neither ammunition nor workmen, and the cannon of the morning destroys the labours of the night. If there were a ray of hope that aid might yet reach us, we should not despair of success; but since there is no hope, we humbly implore you to consent to an honourable capitulation, rather than expose us to the misery of seeing our mothers, our wives, and our children slaughtered, and of losing our liberty as well as our honour and our life. May the great and

merciful God have both you and us under His protection."

This letter wrung the noble heart of Bragadino, for he had resolved rather to die in the breach than to surrender. The thought of becoming a prisoner of the Turks, after the massacre of Nicosia, wounded his personal dignity, and still more deeply pained his heart when he thought of his brave companions in arms, and of the wretched fate before them. In this cruel perplexity, impelled by incompatible duties and wishes, he summoned neither council of war nor assembly of citizens; he did what Godfrey of Bouillon or S. Louis would have done in the like circumstances; he convoked the people to a solemn service in the church at the foot of the altar before which, but a few weeks since, they had all sworn to be mindful to death of the duty to God and their country. Mass was said by the bishop—a solemn mass it might well be called, a funeral mass by anticipation. At the moment of communion, Bragadino advanced to receive the Blessed Sacrament at the hands of the celebrant. His emotion was so great

that he prostrated himself on the steps of the altar, and wept bitterly and long. When he rose from his knees, he advanced as if to address the crowd. Those who had implored him to surrender, gazed anxiously into his face to anticipate his reply. His expression was serene, his heart trustful and resigned. He spoke briefly but firmly ; he spoke of trust in the God of battles, of trust in his brethren in arms, and in the promises of his country. He thought these promises sure of accomplishment, since the Catholic powers had concluded peace, and the Sovereign Pontiff was the soul and inspiration of this crusade against the infidel. As to the acts of violence and brutality which they feared if the town were taken by storm, he said there would always be time to avert them by a capitulation, which the Turks would gladly conclude with a desperate and valiant foe. He then appealed to Baglioni to confirm his assurance that, with the blessing of God, the place could hold out a fortnight longer ; and he implored his hearers to carry thus far, at least, their much-tried patience.

Never did military eloquence obtain more decisive triumph. For a moment, the sanctity

of the place and the august sacrifice which was not yet concluded were forgotten, and one unanimous acclaim responded to the noble words of Bragadino. Those faces, so haggard and worn, flushed again with hope and with courage, and those enfeebled bodies were quickened with preternatural strength. They resolved to hold out for twenty days, or even longer. New preparations were made for defence, and fresh cannon were mounted and entrusted to the energetic Martinengo. This gave them some little compensation for the numerical disproportion of forces; for the Turkish artillery was employed simply in demolishing the walls, and the more refined use of this arm was as yet unknown.

Three days after the touching ceremony we have just mentioned, an assault more furious than the preceding, because led by Mustapha in person, was made at several points. Seven times they rushed forward to the attack, and seven times they were driven back with immense loss. At length they contrived to gain possession of the half-moon which covered one of the gates. This work was undermined. One hundred and fifty Christians were main-

taining a desperate conflict upon it with fifteen hundred Turks. The mine was sprung, and in an instant the besiegers and the besieged were hurled aloft by a tremendous explosion, and covered the smoking ruins with their blackened and mutilated corpses.

It was a success indeed, but too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of that brave band. To obviate the recurrence of a necessity so bitter, they had recourse to measures so skilful that, when Mustapha renewed the assault two days later, the seven hundred Turks who first mounted the breach were blown into the air with a frightful crash, and that without the loss of one Christian soldier.

The Turks were struck with dismay. For ten days they were silent; either to recover from their panic, or to await the effect of the terms of capitulation which they had proposed to Bragadino. They were received in disdainful silence.

The 14th of July was a day of terror and of glory to Martinengo, who defended his post with admirable tenacity and skill. It was the widest breach, and the enemy felt sure that they could storm it easily. As ordinary means

were vain, they devised a new method of attack. They piled an immense quantity of combustibles between the half moon and the gate, so that the smoke was borne towards the breach, and blinded and suffocated its intrepid defenders. Still they held out for three days and three nights, while the conflagration was kept raging. The Turkish artillery played on them without intermission. One ball struck the episcopal palace and killed the saintly Bishop Regazzoni, who stood to Bragadino in the same relation as Aaron to Moses. But unlike Aaron he died without assurance of the deliverance of his people. It was the last day of the term fixed by Bragadino. The people were profoundly discouraged, and their panic was fast spreading through the garrison when a Christian prisoner, who had contrived to escape from the Turks, came with the unexpected tidings that the infidel camp was in alarm and confusion, that they had seen in the horizon the van of the relieving fleet. At these tidings every heart beat with hope and gladness, and their demonstrations were so lively that they attracted the attention of Mustapha. The Turkish commander resolved to make one last assault before

his army was placed between two fires. But what plan could he devise to quell a courage so obstinate? He felt that even victory must be purchased by torrents of blood. Already the slain were too numerous to be buried, and the summer heat was at its greatest; his courage failed him—he hung out a signal of truce. As soon as the garrison had answered this signal he despatched a messenger with a letter enclosed in a purse of gold, and sealed with his own seal. It was addressed to Bragadino, and contained an offer of honourable terms of capitulation.

“Go tell your master,” said this Christian Leonidas, “that I shall defend this city even to death;” and he dismissed the envoy at once.

And now both sides were busy in preparation for the last act of this terrible tragedy. Although the walls were reduced to heaps of ruins, Mustapha did not dare to scale them in presence of their defenders. He reckoned less on the courage of his soldiers than on the effect of the mines which he had excavated in all directions.

On the 28th July, the last gigantic assault began by the simultaneous explosion of five of these mines. It lasted three days, and is pro-

bably without parallel in military annals. The Ottoman general had sworn to take the town before sunset. "The explosion shook the earth," says the chronicle; "the Christians were assailed with a storm of stones and arrows, and by a discharge of artillery which boomed like thunder, and the tumult and uproar were like that which shall usher in the final catastrophe of the world." The air was so darkened by whirlwinds of dust and smoke, that neither heaven nor earth, friends nor foes, could be seen, and so deafening was the crash of artillery that the ear was as useless as the eye. Throughout this terrible confusion Bragadino preserved a perfect coolness; he showed himself at every point where the defence began to languish for want of men, and not from failing courage; he assigned their various posts to soldiers and priests, to the women and children, who shared the toils and the anguish of that day. The breaches, defended by a few resolute men, and obstructed by piles of slain, were inaccessible to the assailants, in spite of their wild fury and of the explosion of two additional mines. Again and again Mustapha led his exhausted and quailing troops to the assault, but

they recoiled stupefied at the preternatural strength of the resistance they met. At last, shortly before sunset, he beat a retreat, consoling himself for his immense losses by the thought that those of the Christians were irreparable.

The next day, the Turkish artillery recommenced its thunder and its devastation, aided by the guns of the fleet, and shortly after began the sixth general assault. It was Sunday. The Turks returned nine times to the charge, in an agony of shame at being repulsed by a mere handful of soldiers, almost all of whom were wounded or sick. But the setting sun compelled another retreat.

The loss of the besieged had been great in proportion to their number. Those who fell were invariably the picked men; those who instinctively rushed to the foremost of the fight, and stood in the most exposed breach. Those who were not exhausted by wounds and loss of blood were quelled by hunger, so that they had scarcely strength to wield their swords. Two small rolls of bread and a few drops of water were all the nourishment distributed to these hapless soldiers, doomed to

fight beneath a burning sun, and for eight or ten consecutive hours. And yet nothing could shake their confidence in their general, nor their general's confidence in the speedy arrival of the promised succours. None shared his hope, yet not a murmur was heard; only from time to time he was pained at seeing their hopeless eyes straining to pierce the clouds which hung over the western horizon.

On the 31st July, he gained his last victory with his little remnant of exhausted and half-dead heroes. The Turks renewed their assault but three times, either because they were themselves exhausted by this succession of murderous conflicts, or because their superstition led them to impute to their adversaries a more than human might.*

The fatal hour had struck at length. In making his round for the last time, Bragadino found every tower demolished, the wall in ruins, the ditches and moats filled with dead bodies and rubbish; and worse than all these was his inspection of the garrison and of the magazines. There was neither powder, nor

* Cumque ter aggressio renovata esset, ter a semi-mortuis defensoribus fuit repulsa.—*Journal of the Siege.*

food of any kind; there was scarcely an unwounded soldier; a few livid and famished skeletons paced languidly around the posts they might occupy, but could not defend. The dreaded thunders of Martinengo were silenced. Every means of resistance was gone, and before them was the agonizing alternative—capitulation or death. Bragadino could not hesitate; he had bound himself by a promise to the people, and they had held out far beyond the time he had demanded.

The council was a dreary one. Every brow was contracted with anguish, and every manly cheek was moistened with bitter tears. There were officers who proposed to avoid dishonouring their standard by opening the gates and sallying forth upon the Turks. But even could they have forced their way through the dense masses of the enemy, what was to become of them on an island, without fortress or shelter, without means of transport, and in face of an enemy fifty-fold in numbers? One charge of cavalry would have crushed them to the earth.

While these deliberations were pending, the Turkish flag of truce was seen in the distance.

The garrison drew a happy augury from this

overture, and concluded that their military honour was secure. They fancied that the Turks would observe the terms of capitulation with good faith. They thought of Rhodes, and forgot the massacre of Nicosia.

They answered the signal, and the Ottoman general sent to conclude an armistice, of which the conditions were to be definitively settled on the following day. The conference began on the 1st of August, the day after the last assault, and closed on the 5th. The exchange of hostages was a last pang to Bragadino and his intrepid coadjutor Baglioni. As for Martinengo, he thought of nothing but his cannon, and felt that his name was for ever dishonoured if he left one of them in the enemy's possession.

The ambassador of Mustapha swore by his head, that all the conditions proposed by Bragadino should be accepted by his master. It was then agreed that the army should march out with arms and baggage, and with all the honours of war, and that it should be transported to the island of Candia, in Turkish vessels, with a proper supply of provisions. The inhabitants were not to be in any way

molested ; their property, their honour, their religion were to be safe, and they were at liberty either to leave the island or to remain in it, for two years.

The Ottoman general ratified all these articles except those proposed by Martinengo. The cannon was to be abandoned to the victors with an exception of five pieces, granted to the besieged to satisfy the requisitions of military honour. It was a painful sacrifice, doubtless ; but it gave an air of reality to the convention. And those who doubted the good faith of Mustapha were shaken in their distrust by the following letter, delivered by a janissary :—

“ Mustapha, General-in-Chief of the Turkish army, to Marco Antonio Bragadino, Commandant of Famagosta, health and greeting.

“ I cannot tell you how eagerly I desire to know your person, after having so long tested and admired your courage. You shall receive from me every possible mark of good-will ; and I assure you of the regard of my master, the great and mighty Selim, to whom I will relate your exploits. I have besieged and taken many fortified places, but nowhere have I met

such difficulties as at Famagosta, by reason of the incomparable valour which you and yours have displayed, and which imposes on me the duty of treating you with kindness. Be of good courage, then, and if in anything I can be of service to you, count on my liberality."

This letter was accompanied by another, which guaranteed to the population of Famagosta the safety of their property, their religion, and their liberty to quit the island if they chose to do so. On the 11th of August, the promised galleys entered the harbour, and the women, the children, and the sick were embarked. This operation lasted some time, and gave opportunities for an exchange of civilities on both sides, which promised very fairly for the future. But what was the stupefaction of the Turkish officers and soldiers, when the little garrison which had repulsed such tremendous assaults defiled before them ! The Christians were equally amazed at the immense preparations and forces of the Turks. A lieutenant of Mustapha's, who superintended the embarkation, told them frankly that the Turks had lost eighty thousand men during

the siege; that two hundred thousand men had been employed in it; and that the siege-battery consisted of one hundred and fourteen pieces, of great range and calibre.

While the Christians were exulting in the thoughts thus suggested, Mustapha was weaving his meshes around them with consummate craft. He sent, in courteous haste, some additional transports which Bragadino had requested; he postponed his entrance into the town, and intrusted it provisionally to the care of a Venetian officer, Lorenzo Tiepolo, recommended by Bragadino himself.

On the 15th August, a brilliant day added its splendour to that of the Catholic office of that high festival—but all was sad and silent—bells and cannon were alike mute. Instead of the Christian flag, displayed in honour of the Blessed Virgin, there was the hateful crescent of Mahomet; and it was under this banner that they were to make their melancholy voyage. Added to this, a gloomy foreboding threw its shade over the army when they saw Bragadino, Baglioni, and Louis Martinengo set off with their staff for the rendezvous appointed by Mustapha.

At a short distance from the harbour they were received by several Turkish horsemen, and the captain invited them to mount chargers richly caparisoned. Bragadino rode in advance; he had laid aside the tokens of his military command, and wore only the costume of a Venetian magistrate—a red robe, with an umbrella of the same colour borne over his head.

When they had dismounted in presence of Mustapha, they laid down their arms, and the Turkish general saluted them with respectful courtesy, and introduced them as guests whom he was eager to honour and to welcome. He then sat down beside them, and complimented them on their brilliant defence. Then suddenly turning to Bragadino, he shouted, with a voice tremulous with rage, "What have you done with my prisoners, whom you had confined in the fortress?" "What have I done with them?" replied Bragadino; "some are still in the fortress, and some have been conveyed to Venice." "What!" roared Mustapha, fed with fury, "do you dare to add falsehood to the crime you have perpetrated, in slaying them all? And what have you done with your

stores of victuals?" "We have consumed them all," said Bragadino, with proud calmness.

At these words, the storm which had been gathering in Mustapha's breast during the protracted siege burst forth in all its fury. He rose with flashing eyes and foaming mouth, drew his scimitar, and rushed like a tiger upon his prey. He poured forth a torrent of imprecations upon him for not having capitulated sooner, instead of occasioning the death of so many thousands of men. He then cut off Bragadino's right ear, and ordered a janissary to cut off the other, while he ran to issue orders for the immediate massacre of all the Christians in his camp.

This was but the prologue of the bloody tragedy on which he had resolved to feast his eyes. The three great culprits, Baglioni, Martinengo, and Bragadino, were in his power: and Bragadino, as the most guilty of the three, was obliged to stand still and witness the execution of his beloved brothers in arms. The sword which had beheaded them was brandished before his eyes, reeking with their blood. After this foretaste of death, he was thrown down on the ground, trampled

upon, dragged through the dust, and the savage Mustapha spat in his face, and yelled repeatedly, "*Now where is your Christ? And why does he not come to deliver you out of my hands?*"

Bragadino was no novice in the school of suffering, and he endured these insults and torments with heavenly sweetness and resignation. Not a murmur or a reproach escaped his lips—they moved, indeed, without ceasing, but it was in prayer. Many of the Turks were so affected, that, as they could not interpose to save the principal victim, they led off by stealth several of the younger nobles who had come in the train of the ill-fated Bragadino.*

Meanwhile scenes not less horrible were passing in the town and harbour. Hordes of barbarians, greedy of pillage and of blood, threw themselves on the defenceless inhabitants without respect of age or sex. Others rushed upon the galleys, slew some of the soldiers of the garrison, while others were stripped and chained to the oars in token of their condemnation to perpetual slavery.

* Amongst those thus rescued were the two brothers of Martinengo, who had served under him as artillery officers.

The hatred which pursued Bragadino was too refined to immolate its victim at once. After three weeks of imprisonment, with God alone as the witness and comforter of his sufferings, he was led forth into the public place of Famagosta. His face was no longer to be recognized, so swollen was it and bruised; but every spectator knew at once whose was that imperial bearing and gait. The wounds of his mutilated ears had never been dressed, and were in a loathsome state—the unwonted heat had hastened their putrefaction. Although scarcely able to stand, he was led through the streets of the town, followed by a crowd which hissed and yelled at him and pelted him with stones, and spat on him and rolled him in the dust, and insulted his patient ears with words of blasphemy and obscenity. When they reached the harbour, he was tied to a plank in sight of his distressed brethren in arms, and hoisted to the yardarm of one of the galleys. Below him stood Mustapha, exulting and asking, with mocking laughter, whether he could not make out the Christian fleet in the distance. This torture, which dislocated his limbs, was continued for half an hour; and when his execu-

tioners were striking and insulting him for tottering when placed on the ground, he calmly said: "*You may rend and dismember my body, but over my soul you have no power.*"

One last and most fearful trial remained to consummate his sacrifice, and transfigure his civic crown into that of a Christian martyr. In the centre of the great place was erected a lofty pole, from which, in days of rejoicing, the banner of the republic had waved its folds in the air. It was now adorned with the crescent; and there, beneath that symbol of infidel triumph, Bragadino was stripped naked, and informed that he was to be flayed alive. In a balcony opposite sat the ferocious Mustapha, gloating over the tortures of his victim. Again and again he uttered these words with scornful laughter: "*Become a Turk, and I will spare your life.*" But the Christian victim fixed his eyes on heaven, as though that vision which had ravished Stephen into ecstasy were displayed to his eager gaze. The frightful operation, of which we cannot write the details, extorted from him neither cry nor shudder. He neither moved nor spoke, but looked up steadfastly to heaven. At each keener touch

of the torturing knife the martyr breathed more distinctly some words of resignation, of trust, or of love—taken either from the Psalms or the office of the Church, as though each added thrill of agony but deepened his thirst for the living God. When the few Christians who were mingled with the shuddering crowd heard him twice repeat the words: *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, they deemed them the last utterances of his expiring breath. But no—they were followed by other words—words even more worthy an end like his—words borrowed from the Mount of Calvary, as though all other memories were effaced in that—*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*. When this last touch had been added to his conformity to the Divine example, he bowed his head upon his breast and gave up his soul to God.

The vengeance of Mustapha was not yet sated. He ordered the operation to be continued to the end upon the lifeless remains, and then cut the body into four parts, one of which was exposed in each of the principal quarters of the town. He then had the martyr's skin stuffed with straw, and clothed in the costume

of a Venetian magistrate; and the insulted remains were mounted on a cow and led through the streets, overshadowed by the red umbrella which Bragadino had been wont to use as the symbol of his authority. For many days his head remained stuck on the point of a lance—an object of insult to some and of veneration to others—a veneration which became more earnest when it was known that an aureola of glory encircled that head, and an exquisite perfume exhaled from it.

So great was the terror inspired by the exploits of the garrison of Famagosta amongst the infidel population of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands, that Mustapha deemed it advisable to send round amongst them the skin of their most dreaded enemy, accompanied with the heads of Martinengo and Baglioni, who had been scarcely less formidable. On the 20th of October he set sail, in order to lay these barbarous trophies at the feet of the sultan his master, and to receive the reward of deeds so illustrious. But ere long the joys and the repose of his gratified pride were disturbed by sinister rumours of some terrible disaster which had befallen the Turkish fleet in the Adriatic

Sea. Day by day, and hour by hour, the public consternation grew deeper. Galleys arrived from time to time, shattered, dismasted, imperfectly manned; and it was not the storm which had battered and dispersed them thus. A great blow had, at length, been struck by the league which the Pope had with great difficulty formed against the common enemy. A naval battle, such as the world had not seen since the day of Actium, had been gained on the 7th of October at Lepanto; and a miraculous vision had revealed this victory to the sovereign pontiff,* while Mustapha was wreaking his bloody vengeance and parading his bloody spoils in Asia Minor. Thus slowly and by degrees the counsels of Providence were made clear, in all their grandeur, to the survivors of the catastrophe of Famagosta. They and their companions in arms who had perished in the siege, or had been sacrificed since, had led the forlorn hope of Christendom in this great campaign.

* See the 25th chapter of the life of S. Pius V., by M. le Comte de Falloux. This and the following chapters contain most interesting details on the policy of the Pope during this war.

Amidst the intoxication of joy occasioned by this great victory, and the triumphs decreed to them who had won it, the heroes of Famagosta were eclipsed and forgotten. Yet it might have been remembered that it was they who had prevented Mustapha from swelling the fleet and the army which menaced the shores of Italy. While the Venetian senate decreed statues of bronze to Venieri, and Barbarigo, the commanders at Lepanto, they overlooked the claims of Bragadino to a similar honour, and forgot to stipulate for the restitution of the martyr's insulted relics. The skin of the martyr of Famagosta was laid up in the arsenal of Constantinople; nor would it ever have reached Venice but for the devotedness of a Christian slave, who suffered the most cruel torments for having stolen from its vigilant keepers this monument of a triumph so costly.* When the Venetians beheld this withered skin, they bethought themselves of the services of Bragadino; and the humble monument which stands in the church of S. John and S. Paul, surmounted by

* This slave was of Verona, and was called Polidoro. He was ransomed by Antonio Bragadino, the martyr's brother, and the republic granted him a pension.

the urn containing the precious and venerable relic, was a tardy homage to the memory of the HERO MARTYR—the last of the Crusaders, as truly as Brutus and Cassius were the last of the Romans.







